[illegible]

[illegible]ECTIVE

[illegible] of the

ARMY,

[illegible] ABETTORS, who murthered

[illegible] Charles I.

[illegible] in the year 1648.

WITH

[illegible] Poetical Pieces in Latin, referring [illegible]

[illegible] times, never before published.

[illegible] then Dean of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

2623:12

The Authour to the Reader.

Wrote this Piece (flagrante dolore) *in the just* paroxisms *of extreme* grief *and* horrour, *immediately upon the* Murther *of the* late Excellent King, 1648. *as soon as the* astonishment *of* sorrow *gave leave to regular thoughts and words to vent themselves; I sent it* (incognito) *in its sackcloath and ashes to* London, *where I hoped it might finde way to publick view. My aim was, not onely to gratifie my Own and the Nations vehement passion, by expressing a just indignation against that prodigious Villany, but to* represent *in true colours that horrid sin and shame of* killing the King, *whereof some men then were so impudent as to glory. And since I could not divert them from that* flagitious *Fact by such* Loyal *and* Religious Remonstrances *as I sent them, I thought it* high justice *to take this* vengeance *on them, either to bring the Authours and Abettors* (*if possible*) *to* repentance, *or to preserve others from* partaking *of their sins and plagues, by any after* comprobation *of their then prosperous impiety, so as to make it the sin and shame of the Nation.*

But my Papers *found no hand so* adventurous *in those* Tyrannous *times as to* Print *them; although conveyed to a person who had hazarded and suffered much in that way of* loyal-service *and* danger. *So that having no Copy left of it, I did not see it, or hear of it for many years, supposing it had perished in the common* shipwrack *of those dayes, until this* Feb. 1661. *occasionally meeting with Mr.* Dugart (*to whom I first sent it*) *and enquiring what became of such a Piece, he told me it was Printed, and brought me the Book with a new* Title (Tragical enough) *put to it* (*viz.* Cromwels bloody Slaughter-house discovered, *&c.*) *whereas I had inscribed it after the example of* Gregory Nazianzen, *when he wrote his two sharp invectives against* Julian *the* Apostate (Στρατόφυ λατεύτικον) *the* Steliteurick *of that* Army, *justly* araigning *and* condemning *them that were guilty of that* bloody *and* barbarous *Fact, which I hereby exposed, as upon a* publick Pillar, *to the* view *and execration of all men.*

When I had thus recovered this Piece beyond all expectation, I well remembred upon review, *its pristine* lineaments; *and found it signally marked with the* sad drops *of my passionate heart & pen; up-*

on such an occasion in which no Ink *could be* black *enough, or have too much* Salt, Vinegar, Gall, *or* Aquafortis *in it. Upon a* calmer *view of it (after thirteen years absence) finding it to have something in it of a* confused rapture, *not misbecoming so* intensive *a grief, and so pious* impatience, *with an* unfeigned abhorrence *worthy of so* abominable *a* Fact, *and* monstrous *a* scandal *to our Nation and Religion, I have been perswaded by the Printer to own it as a* legitimate Issue *of mine, with some other pieces born in the same storm, though in another style and language, in order to make him some compensation for his first (but not so beneficial)* Loyal printing *of it, while yet it appeared an* Orphane *or* fatherless; nameless: *I am now content my name be called upon it, that the world may see in this* unflattering glass, *with what thoughts they ought for ever to* reflect *upon so enormous a* wickedness, *which no time can* bury in oblivion, *no colour can* palliate *or* excuse, *scarce any repentance can expiate; being then the Nations* infinite horrour, *and so must be an* abhorrence *to all* posterity: *Nor may the present* serenity *of the times (which* miraculous *mercies have restored) ever make us forget the* blackness of darkness, *which lyes upon that day, beyond* Jobs *birth-day for that* facinorous Fact *committed in it.*

For whosoever shall think of that crying Regicide, *without just* detestation, *will contract the* posthumous *guilt of the* Murther, *and as a dog lick up the blood of the King which was so cruelly and unjustly shed. And whosoever shall remember it with* approbation *perpetrates the* paricide *afresh, and is a* mental murtherer *of his* Sovereign. *O how great then was, and is their sin, who were the first malicious* contrivers *and cruel actors in it? What* repentance *will be sufficient for them? What* contrition, detestation, confession, satisfaction *can be proportionate to the enormity of the crimes committed with so high a hand, followed with so many tragedies and confusions, yet ushered in with so many* pretensions *of* Religion, Reformation, sanctity *and* devotion, *yea special* Revelations *and* Miracles, *the strong delusions and stratagems of Satan, that grand Impostor, a lyar, and murtherer from the beginning, who affected the* fairest vizards *of an* Angel of light, *when he was to act the foulest part of a Devil: so expresly against the* word of God, *and diametrally contrary to the examples of all true Saint, no less than the Saviour and sanctifier of them?*

A dreadfull example indeed of pride and faction, betraying men to hypocrisie and barbarity, by which the just God loudly warns *the still* discontented *spirits, the* murmuring *tongues, and* malicious

hearts

hearts of some men, not to venture again on the confines of such sins, by any temptation, *never so specious and potent. Sin is seldome solitary or goes along, but is followed with a train or succession, disposing, yea exposing from less to greater, and from the greater to the most heynous and truculent sins, if for no other reason, yet for this, to defend or cover the lesser: Nor can any man easily forsee, what will be the impudent* period *of his sin, how modestly soever it begins.* Davids *idle humour, and an occasional look, betrayed him to wanton* thoughts, *these to* unlawfull *lusts, this to* Drunkenness *and* Adultery, *these to* Murther, *and all to the highest both* perfidy *and* ingratitude *to God and all valiant loyal* subjects. Hazaels bashfulness *was at first* ashamed *to finde himself under the Prophets suspicion of those cruel* barbarities *which afterward he committed without* remorse, *and with* greediness.

Tumultuating *and* traiterous *thoughts (much more such words) must be stifled in the cradle by every* good Christian; *who knows how* great a fire a little spark will kindle? Kings *must not be cursed, no not in the* Bed-chamber; *these lesser* thieves *of* schismatical *and* seditious *mutinies let in at the* window, *will open the door to* greatest *Rebellions and Regicides.* Subjects cutting *off the lap of their* Kings garment, *or lessning the* Robe *of royal Majesty, that is their just reputation, honour and authority, will imbolden them to venture at their heads and throats, yea to take away their lives and Kingdoms: which* David, *a man after Gods own heart, so much abhorred, that his heart presently smote him for that cautious essay, as petty Treason, upon* Sauls Vesture, *which carried with it something of injury and indignity to the King the Lords anointed; nor did his justice spare those King-killers, who having slain* Saul *and* Ishbosheth, Davids *enemies, thought he had done a meritorious service.*

A mans greatest flatterers, enemies *and* traytors *are those in his own* breast, *where proud discontents, inordinate lusts, and extravagant passions (as the populacy, rabble, and vulgarity of people) are prone daily to conspire and muting against that* Reason *and* Religion, *which ought to have a constant rule and* soveraignty *in the soul.*

I believe many men never intended in their first Schismatical motions so sinfull a conclusion; many no doubt are now ready to alter their opinion *at the scene and success of affairs, yea to think those* counsels & actions *very wicked, which they find are become so unprosperous; but he sees sins* too late, *who doth it (as* Adam, Cain *&* Judas*) by* retrospection *only in the glass of* punishment. *It is best* discerned *by a* forward *and* direct view *in the first* access, *by that* prospect, *which the* Word of God, *and the Laws of the Land give us.*

Had

Had this been done by those blood thirsty and deceitfull men, this Piece might have been spared; now it will serve on the Anniversary *of* Englands Lamentation, *Jan.* 30. *to excite that just passion of a penitent grief, and utter* detestation, *which are due to the memory of so* foul a Fact, *and of those sins which brought us under the stroke of so* sore a judgement.

The grief and horror of which, did so perfectly possess my soul, when I wrote this Steliteutick, *in an extasie of sighs, tears and indignation, that the* Reader *may easily perceive the* deluge *of sorrow by the streams of it, which run as a* torrent *with much* trouble *and* unevenness, *not with that* order *and* smoothness *that becomes a quiet and calm* temper, *which had been a sin in me at that time, when every soul, not stupid or seared, in* England *was filled with extreme grief and horror, either for the sin they had done, or for the punishment they had deserved, or for the desperate estate of the malicious doers of it, whose repentance was scarce to be hoped or prayed for, having spoken and acted so many* lyes, perjuries, *and* sacrileges *in* hypocrisie, *seared their* consciences, *caused the enemies of God to blaspheme, and prophaned the spotless sanctity of Christian Religion, and done* despight to the Spirit of grace, *which they dared to pretend to be the patron of their bloody policy, a* promoter *and* approver *of their so execrable and accursed practices. I shall be glad if any faithfull* corrasive *here may bring any of them yet living, to some sense of their most crying and transcendent sins, that if possible they may* repent *&* be pardoned *by the mercies of God, and merits of the Son of God, whose precious blood only can cry louder than that of the Kings: if this end be not attained (of which God knows, as yet there have been very few signs) yet I have great hope to reach the other end, of keeping all good* Christians *and* loyal Subjects *for the future from the like* degeneration, *as much as they would avoid* Hell *and* eternal damnation. *Obedience to Superiours in all things lawfull for the Lords sake, is a Christians greatest honour, and patience with prayers and tears under unjust pressures is his surest defence; all other wayes are but the wanton temptations of the devil, and the petulent transports of mens wicked hearts, most unworthy of good Christians (as all primitive examples teach us) whose actions flowing from faith, and guided by love must never vary from the paths of piety and loyalty, humility and charity, which are the way to true peace and eternal happiness. And thus I have given thee (O Christian Reader) an account of my first writing, and now publishing or rather owning this* Steliteutick, *or pious Satyre, writ against so monstrous a sin, as that was of* Murthering the King. *Farewel.*

JO. H. EXON.

Ἔγκλησις λητρικὴ:

A just INVECTIVE

Against the

MURTHERERS

OF

King Charls the First.

HAve you killed our *King*, and also taken possession of his Goods, Lands, and Kingdoms? O ye blood-thirsty and deceitful men! Is this your *Sion*, that must be built with Royal blood, and your *Jerusalem*, that must be raised with such detestable iniquity? O ye painted Sepulchers, will no bones serve to fill you, but those of your *King*?

You ravening Wolves, (whom God hath suffered to uncase your selves of your Sheeps Cloathing) can nothing satiate your cruel Appetites and Hydropick Thirst, but only the flesh and blood of our *King*? whom with mercilesse hands and hearts, in an impudent Triumph, you have murdered before the Face of God and his Subjects; whose Royal Posterities, and peoples Lives and Estates, you now hope to devour, without any opposition or gainsaying! So cruelly heavy and barbarous is that Iron Scepter, with which you think to rule this Nation; not allowing any fair and legal plea, for either Kings or Peoples Lives, Liberties, Estates, or Religion: but beyond all *Papal* and *Ma-*

humetane Tyranny, you usurp over our Souls, no less than our Bodies; and seek (now) by slavish fears, and *sinful Agreements*, to make us all as much the Children of the Devil as your selves, whose Consciences (no doubt) like *Cain's* tell you, your desperate and damnable Estate, having sinned against the light of God, and his holy Spirit, (some of you) so impudently and maliciously, as justly excludes all hope of pity or pardon from God and Man; having first treacherously betraied, then barbarously murthered, both your and our *King*.

A Knack of State, called the Agreement of the People.

Go on you *Apollyons*, you *Abaddons*, in the Spirit of Antichrist, to fill up the measure of your Abominations, till you are drunk with blood, and stumble and fall together: O you Locusts, the blackest smoak, and noisomest vapour that ever the breath of the bottomless pit exhaled, or sent forth into the Christian world; your Maiden faces, in your first seemingly modest and fair pretensions to the *King* and *Kingdom*, have now brought on the poisonous Scorpions of you Tails, after many cunning windings of flattery, perjury, and hypocrisie.

Behold the fruits of your Oaths, Prayers, Fastings, your Illuminations, Raptures, and the *Sacred madnesses* of your Prophets; are they not as the Grapes of *Sodom*, sour, and unsavoury, setting on edge the teeth of all men that have any taste or relish of true piety?

Are these the practices of *Saints* of *spiritual* and *seraphick* minds, of men living in God and in Christ by the Spirit? We call Heaven and Earth, and your selves (who are to us as Hell and Devils) to witness against you; What can the most carnal, loose, and prophane Atheists do more abominable, than you have done? What have the falsest *Jews*, the fiercest *Turks*, the most brutish *Heathens*, the *Renegado Christians*, the subtilest *Jesuites*, or the most *Phanatique Anabaptists*, and *Schismaticks*, or any other, that are wholly without God in this world, ever done comparable to your immense Villanies? Yea, what could Devils do more, if they had their wills, but by such Instruments as you are, extend their malice to the utmost latitude of their power?

Have you not by Treachery and Tyranny usurped upon all just power, and exalted your selves (such despicable worms) above all that is called God? Neither *King* nor *Parliament*, nor Laws, nor your own Engagements to all, nor your many Proposals, Promises

Promises, and Declarations have any reverence with you, or weight upon you; but like riotous and enraged Beasts, you have overborn, and trampled under your feet all that is either *Sacred* or *Civil*, in the Laws of God, Nature, Nations, or this Kingdom, of which you are Members, though the most ulcerous and pestilent that ever the Earth can bring forth, or bear.

Hapily your stupid pride, and brutish insolency, will not suffer you to consider how odious, abominable, and accursed you now are to all men, but such as are Cockatrices of the same Egg and Brood with your selves, that is, *seared Saints, hardned Hypocrites*, and *enraged Satans*.

We assure you, you are now looked upon by all sober and honest minds, as the heaviest, and filthiest *Incubuses* that ever oppressed *Church* or *State*; as the Legions of unclean Spirits, which by Diabolical Arts and Magick of Hypocrisie, have got possession of this Church and Kingdom, till Christ by his power cast you out of, and suffer you like the Demoniack Swine, through the just judgement of God, to be hurried headlong by your own terrours, and despairs, into the Lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

You are like cursed *Cams*, not mockers only, but murtherers of the Father of your Country; impudent Ravishers both of Church and State, to satisfie your most abominable lusts of Tyranny; Covetuosness, and all licentious Prophaneness.

Monsters of men, putid Apostates, excreable Saints, shameless Sinners, traytorous Tyrants, what have you to plead for, or palliate with your late horrid outrages, and unparallel'd villanies, by which you have obstructed the Fountain of Justice, altered the Chanel, broken the Cistern, turned the clear and wholesome Waters of our Laws into Blood, Wormwood, and deadly Poyson; while you have with unheard-of tyranny and treachery, set up your private wills, by that publick power (wherewith you were intrusted only for some limited uses) above the Majesty and Lives of our King and his Children; above the Dignity of our *Parliaments*, the Honour of our Laws, the Reverence of your Country, and the Regard due to your fellow Subjects, and confederate Nations; And all this without the least colour of any Call or Authority from God or Man, Reason or Religion; against all Obligations both Sacred and

Civil, that might possibly lye on mens Souls to God or Man against many your particular pretensions, and former promises of such due observance as became you, both as Men, Subjects, Souldiers, and Christians?

You, who are not the thousand part of His Majesties Subjects, how durst you knowingly act as in the name of all, and yet indeed against the Duty, Desires, and Consciences of all, but such Children of *Belial* as your selves?

You that are for the most part such Sons of the Earth, of so base Extraction, of meaner Education, Strangers to all good Literature, Honour, or Civility; Heirs of beggery and contempt; whom most of the Subjects in *England* might for your rudeness and barbarity justly have disdained to have set with the Dogs of their Flocks: how are you become the Creators of a new Heaven, and a new Earth, who are such Sons of *Tohu*, and *Bohu*, of *Chaos*, Obscurity and Confusion?

You that at best are but Gods Butchers, the unjust Executioners of his just vengeance; as the evil and destroying Angels sent among us for a time; (though your exorbitant malice and lusts disdain to be limited by your Military Commission, yet God, we hope, will restrain your fury, who hath manifested your impious folly.) With what forehead could you thus lift up your hand against, and set your selves above all those who are confessed your Betters, Masters, and Superiours: As if in a Gyantly impudence, and Cyclopick cruelty, you could never be famous enough, but by Infamy, nor fierce and wicked enough, unless you fought against Heaven, against the express Word of God, and his Vice-gerents on Earth. Thus heaping up Mountains of Lyes, Perjuries, Hypocrisies, and Cruelties, upon those vast and enormous Lusts of Rapine, Sacrilege, Covetousness, Revenge, and Tyranny in your hearts, which nothing hath ever equalled, or can exceed.

You have indeed finished the Master-piece of your Father the Devil, whom as his first-born, he hath filled with a double portion of malice, subtilty, and cruelty beyond any; whose hearts like *Elymas* the Sorcerer, or *Simon Magus*, he hath possessed. You have nothing left you but Impenitence and Hell, (which you neither believe, nor fear). by which to make farther progress in your most flagitious, and ever accursed Villanies.

What

What step have you more to advance to the blaſpheming of the Majeſty of the moſt high God, both in himſelf, and his Deputies, lawful Kings, and Soveraign Magiſtrates? What more can you do, or invent, to the ſcandal of the Goſpel, to the expoſing the Name of Chriſt to open ſhame, to the trampling his Blood under feet, through the hatred and deteſtation of all Nations, that are without the Church? How could you deviſe more to adorn the Triumphs of Pope and Papiſts, to whoſe tayls you are tied, though your faces ſeem contrary, and whoſe buſineſs you have done, while you pretend to abhorr their Names, as much as Devils do potent Charms?

What Sea could ever waſh away from the face of the Chriſtian Reformed Religion, the ſtain of that blood of our King, which you have (in a Pageant of Juſtice) moſt unjuſtly, inhumanely, and barbarouſly ſhed, to colour your Malice, to ſatiate your Revenge, and to make way for your Tyranny, If we the People of *England* ſhould by our ſilence adopt, and by our aſſiſtance nouriſh, thoſe prodigies of Rebellion, Treaſon, and Confuſion, which your libidinous *Mars*, by the help of your proſtitute and officious *Venus*, (your Un-parliamentary *Junto*) hath lately brought forth and aſtoniſhed the world withall? Was it ever ſo done, ſince the Name of Chriſt was planted on the earth, ſave only by the ſpawn of thoſe furies, from whom you are deſcended, who made ſuch havock firſt in *Africa*, after in other *Weſtern Churches*, and lately in *Germany*? whoſe principles and practices you have as much ſurpaſſed, in Hypocriſie, Anarchy, Cruelty and Blaſphemy, as *Belzebub* (your Prince) may be thought to exceed the leſſer fry of damned Spirits.

Thoſe impure *Catharists* exerciſed (indeed) their *Donatiſtical* and *Anabaptiſtical* frauds and ſucies, chiefly upon the vulgar, to the ruine of many thouſands of the Country people and Citizens: But you like ſo many *Ravilliacks*, are not content to have ſpoil d ſo many Noble and flouriſhing Families, to have exhauſted ſo many plentifull Eſtates, to have made ſo many mourning Widows, and Fatherleſs Children, to have deſtroyed the lives, and ſucked the blood of ſo many Chriſtians, your fellow-Subjects, but you muſt in one day ſwallow up the two Houſes of Parliament, in another murther the *King*, in a third cut off the right and inheritance of the Crown from the Undoubted Heir, and all the *Kings* Children. At laſt you con-

spire to tempt us all by your simple and foolish Paper falsly called, *The Agreement of the People*, to joyn with you in the utter overthrowing of our Laws, Liberties, and the whole frame of this antient and renowned Kingdom, whose weight you will find too heavy for such weak *Atlases* as you will shortly appear, both in Counsel and in Power, who are only wise to doe wickedly, and strong to shed or drink the bloud of your *King* and Countrymen. Your Cruelty hath fulfilled the wish of *Caligula*, at one blow to cut off the head of three Kingdoms, and with him all *Monarchy*, to make way for your *Polemocracy*, a *Military Tyranny*, or *Schismatical Anarchy*.

Thus have you been profound to deceive, skilfull to destroy; our Souls faint within us, because of such treacherous dealers, such hideous Murtherers, into whose snares the breath of our nostrils is fallen, and in whose deep dissembling pits the Annoynted of the Lord, our meek, patient, and most Christian *King* is swallowed up; under the shadow of whose just Authority, Princely wisdom, and judicious piety we hoped to have been safe.

How doth this sometime famous and flourishing Kingdom, now sit as a Widow, oppressed, desolate, despised; full of unexpressible lamentations? The bitterness and gall of your cruel Hypocrisie hath entred into, filled and overwhelmed our Souls.

How is she that was the Joy, Crown, and Queen of all Nations, the Envy or Emulation of all Christian Churches, now become the horror and astonishment of her Neighbours round about, the pity and calamity of all her friends, the scorn, reproach, hissing and triumph of all her Enemies? Nor is there any helper, comforter, or Deliverer left, till God take the matter into his own hands, and plead the cause of the *King* and Kingdom against those proud *Goliahs*, whose uncircumcised hearts and lips, out of a riot and superfluity of wickedness, have blasphemed our God, destroyed our *King*, laid waste and exhausted the Kingdom, and turned this Church into a Den of Thieves.

O Lord arise, O Lord consider, O Lord hear the voice of our sighs, tears and prayers; let the cry of the blood of our King and our people come up to Heaven; have mercy on us, for we are brought very low.

Our gracious King, the Husband of the Kingdom, the Father

ther of his Subjects, the Preserver of our Laws, the Patron of Religion, the Protector of the Church, you have treacherously and barbarously murthered; the two Houses of Parliament, (whose weakness, perverseness, unevenness, inconstancy and cowardise God hath seen, disliked, judged, and punished) you have forcibly invaded, scattered, and oppressed, notwithstanding all your special Engagements to them both of duty and promise, commission and trust. The loyalty and love of the people, you every where either with terror and cruelty seek to suppress and smother, so that they shall not dare to petition for redress, or complain of those endless calamities which they suffer under your tyranny; or else *making lyes your hope and refuge*, with forged semblances of complyant Petitions, and counterfeit Gratulations, you falsly and impudently pretend the concurrent Votes of the Countreys, and the Communities approbation to your most abominated practices: When God knows, and even your selves in your bloody dissimulation cannot be ignorant, that the generality of all men in all places, of all degrees, doe from their Souls utterly abhor, deprecate and detest, your execrable Counsels, and accursed Actions, which have thus brought upon us the abomination of desolation, through the damnable deceivableness of your unrighteousness: Nor doe we believe that your pride, and tyrannous hypocrisie either finds any comfort in them, or much considers those papers, which seem to own you, or applaud your wicked deeds, further than they may carry on your strong delusions with the vulgar, whom you know to be neither very wary of evil, nor very steady in what is good.

If you had the general Consent of the Vulgar (which you know you have in no sort) yet neither is their judgement any good rule to measure the Morality of your actions; nor their inconstant pleasure any test of honour, vertue or piety: But indeed you (as well as we) are sadly conscious, that all those clamorous Petitions for Justice, by which you would seem (as by Oracles of your own inspiring) to be fatally directed and divinely incouraged in your Cruelties and Treasons, were nothing else but the strokes of the Lions own tayl, the more to enrage himself; the very froth and scum, which arose only from the zealous activity and boylings of your own bloody Faction; who restless Devils, continually go about, seeking whom they may devour and destroy; we are well assured that your *Schismatical*

crew

crew of Regicides are no more to be compared to the people of *England*, than the Gleanings may be to the Harvest; or *Canters*, *Thieves*, *Beggars* and *Juglers*, to the sober and setled Dwellers in this Kingdom.

No, every honest man, who hath any sense of piety, loyalty, modesty, pitty, or humanity left in his Soul, (as you have none) takes up *Jacobs* words against you, *Cursed be your wrath, for it is fierce, and your anger, for it is cruel: Into the secrets of these men let not our Souls enter; Lord lay not the guilt of the sins of these men to the Charge of the People of this Kingdom.*

No, let the blood of our pious, patient and most Christian King, be upon you, and your Abettors for ever; who, as without any sense of Loyalty, Pity or Charity, so without any shadow as well as substance of Justice, having neither Law, Rule, nor any due Authority, first by Fraud and unheard of Insolency seized upon his Majesties person, afterward by Flatteries, Lies, and Terrours sought to deceive him; At last, by meer Force and beastlike Cruelue, have massacred, and as so many horrid Assassinates, utterly destroyed him.

And all this after *many fawnings, and shews of loyal* and tender regard toward his Majesty, and his Royal Family, as both your first Proposals, and your after Agitations, (honestly and very providentially discovered by Major *Huntington*) do declare; In which all men now plainly see, that you did but make way by the Fox, to let in the Wolf, and by your *Dalilah* to bring the *Philistims* upon our *Sampson*: Yea, after his Majestie was not only entred into and advanced in a *Treaty* with the two Houses, agreeable to their Votes, and the general desires of all his Subjects; under the most *solemn National Security and Publick Faith*, which could be given, or pass between a King and his Subjects, or indeed any honest men: But even when his Majesties great wisdom and goodness had so far brought all things to a fair closure and happy Agreement, that the two Houses were satisfied, and resolved to proceed upon his *Majesties Concessions, as a firm ground of Peace to the Kingdom.*

Yet after all these publique, Civil and Sacred Obligations, which lay upon the two Houses and the Kingdom, on your selves as well as any, and all of us; for you to seize again upon his Majesties person, without any pretended Authority, and with your *Iron hands*, and *Adamantine hearts*, to ravish and pull him

out

out of the arms and embraces of his Subjects, violently to hale and tear him from the reviving love and loyalty of the two Houses and his People; thence to hurry and toss him to and fro, to what inhospitable places, and desolate Prisons you lifted, there to deprive him, not only of all things proportionable to his quality as a *King*, but even of those civil accommodations which ought to be allowed to any Gentleman, though an Enemy and a Captive of War, which the *King* never was, not being taken by force, but rendring himself to the professed love and sworn loyalty of his Subjects. After this, with a *sacrilegious mockery of Justice*, in the highest affronting of *God*, the *King*, the *Parliament*, and the three *Kingdoms*, by an unheard of and most horrid Outrage, and riotous force to oppress and utterly destroy the remaining honour,, freedom and power of the two houses; and in despite of them to erect *a new Court of Justice* (as you most *unjustly* term it (for which you have no colour of Law from God or Man, no precedent in this or any other Christian Kingdom, no ground or pretence of Parliamentary consent or Authority of either Houses, (whose Members, three parts of four at least, you forcibly detained and deterred from sitting in the *House of Commons*, the Lords being unanimously against you; by all which methods of cunning and violence you seek like *Absalom* (the contradiction between whose name and actions, very well fits your affected but undeserved title of *Saints*) to intrude your selves into a *Judicative* as well as a *Military power*, (as if *Hangmen* and *Executioners* should usurp the seats of *Judges*, who are not fit to be of a *Jury*; since their interest and advantage (like yours) lying in the destruction of others, will easily tempt them to condemn any man.)

At length you make a shift to pack, *not a high Court of Justice, as you shamelessely style it*, but the *basest Conventicle of Injustice that ever* was in the World; In which all Cards of honour being shuffled out, you turn up such Knaves only for Trumps as will best play your game: A very Medly and Rapsody of the most ignorant, shallow, cowardly, cruel, weak, debauch'd and insolent Fools, or Athiests, Hypocrites, Traytors, and Tyrants, that ever usurped power over any honest and innocent man. Your *President Bradshaw*, and your *Solicitor Cook*, are commonly known, and branded to be men of as corrupt Souls as any lived in their profession; Their most trayterous, and co-

vetous villanies, not allowing the least pretence of ignorance in the Laws, which are in no Case more clearly, expresly, and severely contrary, than in this, of taking away the Kings life, wherein they, against all Law, Duty, and Conscience, were as *Judas's* chiefly employed.

At last upon the wicked, most unjust, and cruel Sentence of these Mercenary, Un-authorized, and Tyrannous Sycophants, and Hucksters of Justice, (who must needs have their Commission from him that is the *Father* of Lyes, the *false Accuser*, the *Old Murtherer*, the *deceiving Serpent*, the *Roaring Lyon*, the *Red Dragon*, the *Dead Sea* of Cruelty, and the sink of all *Confusion*, the *Damned* and *Damning Devil*; and not from *God* (the *Fountain of Justice*, the *Father* of *Mercy*, the *Institutor of Order*, the *Author of Peace*, and the *Commander of subjection to lawfull Kings*) in any notion imaginable; further than the Divel may have Commission from God, permitting and limiting the activity, but not approving the iniquity of his rage and malice) to *compell such a King*, so *Great a Monarch* of three Kingdoms, their Undoubted Soveraign Lord, to submit to their arraignment, Accusations, and Sentence (who were most of them his declared and desperate Enemies) without allowing him the liberty of protesting against their confessed Usurpation and Non-authority, or of pleading for his own both Innocency, and well known Privilege, Soveraignty, and unquestionable Immunity, according to the Laws of God and of this Kingdom; which are expresly against their trayterous and tyrannous proceedings, as well as the nullity of their Authority.

After this, without *any remorse or pity to their and our King*, to force a *person of so excellent worth*, wisdom, vertue, honour, and Majesty to bow down at the feet of so vile persons, and then to *Chop off his Head* which was Sacred, Crowned and Anoynted, as rightfull King over them and all his Subjects in his Dominions. (A *Butchery* so barberous, that the common Headsman abhorred to do it; nor may we think those bloody Zealots were willing he should deprive them of the pleasure of cutting the throat of such a Sacrifice, to inaugurate them in their Royal Priesthood; by which their Schismatical fury pretends a title against, or above all Lawfull Kings and Governours.

What *Words*, what *Tears*, what *Sighs*, what oppressive *Thoughts*, what secret and un-utterable *Reflections* of most *stupified*

pified and *astonished Souls*, are sufficient to measure the *Immensity*, to weigh the *burden*, to express or conceive the *horror* of this outragious sin, and most flagitious villany.

Poor Prince, after so many *delusions*, so many lying *Addresses*, made by the chief Engines and movers of the Army; after so much *patience*, so great demonstrations of excellent wisdom, *meekness*, calmness and Christian gentleness to his very Enemies and Jaylours; under infinite reproaches, injuries, and indignities, even to the *very spitting in his face*: after all those *gracious condescendings*, by which he had reduced himself almost to the very *shadow* and *bare name of a King* (saving that he had gained the highest and most absolute Empire in the renewed love & loyalty of the most and best of his Subjects) that he might please all, secure and satisfie all, purchase Peace for all at any rate but the price of his Conscience: Yet after all these infinite demonstrations of goodness, capable to have *softned even Devils themselves*, to be thus butchered by a Souldiery and Schismatical cruelty, to be brought to publique execution without any help or redemption from Parliament or people (who generally abominated so horrid, inhumane, unseen, and unheard of a Spectacle; whose Publique Faith, besides their Personal Allegiance was engaged for his Majesties honour and safety,) what *heart* can be large enough to equal the sorrow, what *Eyes* can be Fountains sufficient to deplore so unmerited a Fate, befalling so excellent a Prince, by the malice, ambition, cruelty, and treason of so base and execrable villanies.

And all this Tragedy of Tragedies carried on to such bloody conclusions, under colour of *Safety* and *Reformation* at first; afterward of *Satisfaction* and *Indempnity* to the *Army*; in both which the good King denied nothing, that men of any modesty, worth, or ingenuity, could expect, or would desire. Yet after infinite delusions, and mutinous insolencies committed against *King*, *Parliament*, and *People*, some impotent and ambitious Tyrants, (who have the marks of Blood and Cruelty in their Faces, and on their Foreheads, in the Army, and Commons House, bethink themselves of a *Scene* of *Justice*, which must speedily be acted by them; least the closure of a Peace with the *King*, and the two Houses, should render their employment useless, as it hath long been burdensom; And forcing their Buff Grandees, and proud Officers, to return to their

Needles, their Hammers, their Lasts, their Slings, their Catts, and their Flails, should quite defeat those designs of power, estate, and all licentious prophaneness both in Opinions and Practices; which their *Chief Officers*, and *Levelling Sticklers*, have all this while designed for themselves, and their false, giddy, cruel, covetous, and unreasonable Faction; through that power and influence, which by their lyes, sorceries, and hypocrisies, they, with the help of that mungrel Minister, that Military Priest, that modern *Simon Magus*, that disguised Executioner, that bloody Butcher of the King *H*—— *P*—— they have gained upon the Common Souldiery. Upon whose simplicity and valour they have presumed tyrannously, and trayterously to advance the meer will and pleasure of some Officers in the Army, and those *rotten and ever infamous Members* of the *Commons*, over all the Laws and Liberties, the Lives, Estates, and Inheritances both of *King*, *Prince*, *and* People.

Yet after all these Scenes of *various Villanies*, they have the impudence to glory, as if they had done God good service, and so extremely pleased God, and the People, that they expect all should *agree* to their *Plandite*, as if *might* and *right* were well met in the Army.

O you most *seared Consciences*, you most *Rebellious Souls* against God, the King, and your own light; You most *accursed* Doers, you *deaf Adders*, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, know this, That we the Christian people, and loyal Subjects of *England*, do in the *bitterness* of our Souls declare (as in the sight of God, to whose just Tribunal we appeal, and summon your stupid and cruel hypocrisie) to all the world, our total detestation, and utter abhorring of your *Counsels*, *Actions* and *future Designs*. You glory, as if you were now Masters of our Estates, Liberties and Lives: But we shall by Gods grace keep our Souls unspotted from those great Offences and presumptuous wickedness, wherewith you are infected beyond all cure or recovery.

Now we would have your *impenitent hardness*, as well as the *softer world* to know, That we look back with extreme sorrow, shame and repentance, upon our former Delusions and forwardness to this *Unhappy War*; wherein though they were most to blame who were the *Deceivers* and *Instigators* of us; yet we cannot excuse our selves further than thus, That we did it out

of

of *credulous inconsiderateness*, and not out of *malicious wickedness*. The God of Heaven, whose mercies exceed our sins and your cruelties, forgive the Errors and great sins of this Nation in this Unnatural War; which have deservedly, as from the Divine vengeance, though most perfidiously, as from your multiplyed Treasons and wilfull Rebellions, brought upon these Kingdoms such a *sore plague*, and intollerable oppression as you are.

Whose *detected hypocrysie* hath now made it clearly appear, That both King, Parliament and People were meerly cheated and abused, by the Fraud first, after by the Force of those Factions, Schismatical, bloody and implacable spirits, your chief Genius's who despaired to carry on their wicked Designs of Ambition and Tyranny, but by the means of Anarchy, Profaneness, Disloyalty, and publike ruine of Church and State.

All which *Rottenness* and *Villany*, must be masked a while under the Names of *Reformation*, *Laws* and *Liberties*, *King* and *Parliament*, which we see too evidently (though too late) after infinite miseries, Oppressions, Bloodshed, and Delusions, amount to no more but a slavish *Submission* to the will and Arbitrary Tyranny of a few sanguinary *Schismaticks*, cruel *Hypocrites*, and desperate *Usurpers* over all; who, like *deep Ditches*; and open *Sepulchers*, having swallowed up our King, our Parliament, our Estates, our Liberties, and many of our Brethrens Lives, now like *impudent Strumpets*, in the wantonness and security, to which success have hardned their hearts and foreheads, wipe their mouths as if they had done no evil; and now *lying in wait* for our precious Souls, dress their *whorish Faces* with the Harlotry, & Temptation of a New-fashioned *Representative*, and that both *silly and ridiculous Bable*, called the *Agreement of the People*.

Than which never any poyson was presented in a sordeder, and less suspected Cup; Nor foolish Devil never used less inviting baits for his snares; Their gross and *brutish unpolitickness* offering nothing in that Beggars dish to the miserably abused, and justly discontented Kingdom, but only such general *dull and confused notions*, as might become the soberer sort of *Picts* or *Highlanders*, or the less *savage Indians*, when from their Acorns, Nakedness, and Barbarity, they began to form some conceptions of casting themselves into more orderly and civil Societies,

for their better Government, and Common welfare; So vastly short their *motly Agreement* comes of those most tried, wise, noble, rational, just, and indeed Divine Principles, and Foundations of True Government, Order, and Polity, on which his famous Monarchy hath for many hundred of years been raised to so stately a Fabrick; having flourished to so perfect a beauty, to so antient and venerable a glory, as became the Wisdom, Piety, and Gravity of our former Kings, Parliaments and Ancestors, Men of Renown for true Wildom, and Heroick Greatness; to whom these late *Overturners*, and *Innovators* of all Government, would scarce have served for their *Dwarfs*, *Zanies*, and *Buffons*.

But lest these *Cursed Movers* of the *Antient Boundaries*, and *Landmarks*, should lose both themselves, and us in the *Wood* and *Wilderness* of their poor, rude, barbarous, and novel projections they bring forth their *Ignes Fatui*, *lights of private Inspirations*, *Fanatick Delusions*, *False* and *Falsifyed Interpretetions* of wrested and corrupted Scriptures, to make some shew to their *seduced Proselytes* (whom they would re-baptize in the blood of the King with themselves) as if they were the little Stone cut without hands, which must become a great Mountain, *&c.* They the Saints *which must bind Kings in Chains*, and *Nobles in Links of Iron*, &c, They the people of the most High, to which the Kingdoms of the Earth must be given, *&c.* Whereas true Saints, which had the power, not shew only of godliness, would not take all the Kingdoms of the World upon such Devillish Conditions, and by such *damnable practises*, as yours are, most apparent, and by your selves confessed to be unwarrantable. Such *Scripture paintings* upon the face of your *Jesabel*, would have served the turn of *John* of *Leyden*, *Knipperdoling*, *Muncer*, and those other Impostors, your infamous Predecessors, as well as you, and indeed they were by them no less pretended; But with how blest'd success you are loath to own or remember, as presaging your like destinies in Gods due time.

It is a strange and unwonted way of any sound and true Christians, apparently to violate, and wholly decline from the obedience of *clear moral precepts* of Justice, and other both Religious and Civil Duties to God and Man, under a pretence of *Zeal*, and *a Call* to *fullfill prophetick Obscurities*: which darkly foretell what shall be done, but do not precisely command us to do this or that;

that; In which events even the wickedest men, and Anti-christs (such as these are) may, as the Vials of the wrath of God, pour out themselves, and have a great part to act, and yet receive no comfort or reward, other than that of Hypocrites; who may (as *Joseph*'s Brethren, and *Nebuchadnezzar* did) then most serve Gods Prophetick, and Providential disposings, when they act most contrary to his Revealed Will, and only seek to serve their own Envy, Covetousness, and unsatiable Tyranny, however they may as the Devil bait their *Temptations* with *Scripture Allegations*.

But know O ye *hard-hearted Belshazzars* (whom no hand-writing out of Gods Words, clearly setting forth your sin, curse, woe, and damnation, can yet scan or deterr from your frolick villanies) That, if you were *Angels from Heaven*, as you are *Luciferine Brats from Hell*, (transforming your selves at first into Angels of light, but now fully uncased, so that now your fiery eyes, your black and wide mouths, your blatting and sulphurious breath, your proud horns, and your cloven feet appear to all but your own besotted Imps and Familiars) if (we say) you yet appeared as Angels, yet you should give us leave to believe the express Will and Word of God, rather than your jugling fancies, to which that is diametrically contrary, both in the Precept, and all practices of Christ, and his true Saints. Hear how the voice of God disagrees with your apparent folly and madness. He bids honour and obey *the King, and our lawful Governours*; You cry crucifie, destroy, and scatter them: Christ commands to *give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsars*, no less than *to God what is Gods*: But you take away, as from God, and his Church what is his; so from our *Cæsar*, his Empire, Liberty, Life, Posterity and all.

The voice of God bids us *seek peace and ensue it*, branding with the reprobate marks of Hypocrites, those that as Traytors, heady, high minded, and fierce despisers of what is good, *break all Truce, or Treaties*, which you have done, beyond what ever the falsest Miscreants ever did.

The Word of God is a clear, *constant, uniform light*, as to the Rules of an *holy life* in Piety, Equity, and Charity; but your Opinions, Practices, and pious Pretentions, *Centaure-like*, are various and deformed Changlings, many-shapen, and misshapen *Monsters, shifting Proteusses*, Slippery and *virtiginous Serpents*, folded and hidden in the winding labarinths, and intricate

cate circulations of your many subtil, slie, and perplexed Designs.

The truth is, there is as wide a difference between your *clamors, howlings*, and hideous yellings which sound nothing but War, Blood, Rebellion, Famine, Death, Desolation, and Damnation) and that *soft, sweet*, gracious, and most *glorious voyce* of God in the holy Scriptures, which you use for *a Net*, not *a Garment*) as there is between the most bright, beautiful, *Soul-saving-Truths*, and most black, deformed, *Soul-damning-Lyes*. Your selves cannot think us uncharitable, if we do believe, and tell you, That *you* have more *blaspemed* the *Spirit, Name, Grace, Word, Saints, and Servants of God*, by intituling these as *Inspirers, Authors*, and Approvers of your most *graceless and devilliſh* practices; than ever those hard-hearted, and impudent Hypocrites the *Pharisees* did, by *imputing the saving miracles* of our *Lord Jesus Christ* to your *Beelzebub* the Prince of Devils: whose Servants you are, whose work you do, and whose wages you must expect.

Nor do we doubt but all the *Curses* written in the Book of God (which like that of *Meroz*, have been causelesly, factiously, and fasly, by some of your *double-faced Janus's*, formerly imprecated upon the King, and his loyallest Subjects) will certainly overtake, and fall upon both you, and your viperous Generation.

We hope God will in his infinite goodness not suffer this dying Church, and desolated Nation, to be further partakers of your *Babyloniſh Sins*, and open *Sorceries*, lest we be *partakers of your plagues and Torments*, which are laid up in the Treasures of the wrath, both of God, and all good men against you, and your desperate faction.

We tell you, we are so far from counting you *Saints* and *Saviours*, that we look upon you as the Tophet which God hath indeed prepared for the King, and these Kingdoms, to try and torment them a while; But we doubt not, but God will at last cast you (who are our Sin, our Death, and our Hell) into the Lake that burns with fire and brimstone for ever.

Unless you *repent*, so many of you Officers, Souldiers, and others, as are capable of *Repentance*, not being so deeply engaged in the desperate sins of those men, your *chief Leaders and Seducers*, who being past feeling, of a *most reprobate sense*, greedy

and

and unreasonable Sinners, make no conscience to *damn your Souls*, for the perfecting their ambitious and covetous designs, for which they have hitherto made use of the hands of so many valiant men, worthy of a better work, and a nobler War, whereby to destroy your and our King, subvert our Parliaments, Laws, Government, and Religion; And all this, against all your and our Protestations, Vows, Oaths, and Promises to God and Man.

O you that have followed these *Theudasses*, as the seduced people sometime did *Absalom* in the *simplicity of your hearts*, not aware of their devillish stratagems, devises, and designs; You that have any touch of Gods Spirit, or his Grace in your hearts, any fear of God, or dread of Sin left in you; You that have any sense of your Souls eternal welfare (which those either question or deny) any terrour of the wrath of God, or hope of his love and mercy? You that are afraid to degenerate into *unreasonable Beasts*, or *incarnate Devils*, (that you may enjoy the benefit of the Kings last charitable Prayers for your *pardon and repentance*) make haste to depart from the Tents of these *Achans*, these *Korahs*, these Sinners who know themselves accursed of God and Men. Come out of their *Babylon*, which is become the *habitation of Devils, and the Hold of every foul Spirit, a Cage of every unclean and hateful Bird*, by a *penitent* and *pious* withdrawing from such *filthy Harpies*, such cunning, yet *cruel Hyena's*, such weeping, *yet devouring Crocodiles*; such Banners as bear not the Kings Arms, but his head cut from his body; such Ensignes as are dyed in the blood of their King, murthered by them, while they pretended to fight for him, and preserve him.

O drink no more of the Wine of the *Wrath of their Fornications*, which they hold forth in that poysonous, and filthy Cup of their *Agreement of the People*; with which they hope to make drunk this whole Nation; That as *Lots incestuous Daughters*, their lusts may be fully *impregnated* by the conjunction of the strength, riches, and counsel of these Kingdoms. Know you for certain (O you Souldiers) how no *place of Repentance can be found* among those *Esaus* and *Judas's*, who have been the chief and malicious Actors and Contrivers of these wicked and cruel Confusions; whose Names as we well know, so we are sure the hand of God will find them out, making them (who have been the terrour

and torture of men of all degrees, to become as *Pasiphae Mazæ horrisonæ, terrour sound about*; As a *Wheel*, impast revolutions from prosperous wickedness, to miserable punishments; as *Chaff* tossed to and fro by the breath of Gods displeasure, and the execration, or abhorrence of all people in all Nations, Christian and Heathen, where ever they are driven to be *Vagabonds*; and *Runnagates*, carrying with them in their fester'd Consciences the forked Arrow, of their deceiving, and then cruelly destroying both their *King*, and their Country.

And this, till they are cast into *the chains of utter darkness*, Who have *quenched the light of Israel*, and to everlasting flames, whose wrath kindled with the fire of Hell, hath burned to the very Foundations of so happy a Nation.

No person of Worth, Honour, or Piety, but will ever *loath to eat, drink, or converse with them*, looking upon them as *unluckie prodigies*; Much more will every ingenuous Man or Woman abhor ever *to marry, or make any affinity with them, or their Families*, pollured with the blood of their King; but most of all abominated will they be as to *any Communion with them in Prayer, or other religious duties*, who having turned the *Grace of God into wantonness*; cannot but already hear *Judas's* silent clamors, deep despairings, and self-condemnings; Like *Julian the Apostate*, they cannot but feel the secret and smart strokes of God in their Consciences, for betraying, persecuting, and destroying the innocent blood of our King. O Earth cover it not, O Time forget it not, O Heaven fail not to revenge their prodigal and cruel waste of so royal and precious blood! Surely without any uncharitable rashness, *they* may be suspected to be past all grace, and recovery by any Prayers. There remaining for such *sinners of the sin to death*, such *relapsing Swine*, and *reforbing Dogs*, who pretending to have *escaped the pollutions of the World*, are returned to their mire and vomit; feigning to be illuminated Saints, yet have wrought such works of thick darkness, nothing but a fearful *expectation of vengeance*, and fiery indignation to consume them, without infinite mercy.

They have impudently, and traiterously judged, condemned, and murthered the King, upon the pretence of his *raising War against the Parliament*; of which Fact themselves are doubly, and most unquestionably guilty before all the World, twice menacing, invading, and forcibly assaulting their Masters in the

two Houses of Parliament. Nor if their charge had been true against the King (which upon his death he both denied, and most evidently proved by the legal right he had to the Militia, and the date of their Commissions for raising YYar, before His Majesties were our) yet were not these Usurpers any *competent Judges* by God or Man appointed. Nor was indeed that calumny the real motive of their sudden, bloody, and resumed cruelty; but only that extream fear, hatred, and terrour, their hypocrisie, and villany had conceived against the Kings excellent wisdom, constant piety, and immovable goodness; which they had so often, and so unmeasurably abused; and which they saw was the chiefest obstacle in the way of their Sacrilegious Ambitions.

And now like desperate Empyricks, upon whose cruel tamperings we have spent our Blood, our Estates, our Lives, the honour of our Nation, and the credit of our Reformed Religion: You (now) pretend to stop that bloody issue (which by tumult and treason you have made) by destroying the whole Royal Family, and letting out all the Antient blood of our Kings out of the veins of these Kingdoms: To extirpate Kings, Peers, and Parliaments; and by *addle fictions* of your weak and confused brains, to obtrude the *trippery* and *gullery* of your *Agreement of the People*

As if all Rules of Justice, all true Policy, and Reason of State, and good grounds of Government (no less than all wickedness, cruelty, hypocrisie, and treason) only dwelt in your *shallow brains*, and *narrow hearts*; Who for the most part are not guilty of any Learning, or Civil Improvements, are open and declared Authors of Ignorance, Confusion and Tyranny, Enemies to all sober Manners, and good Orders, both in Church and State.

Nor do those *great things* (as you call them) which you have hitherto with most infamous treachery, and cruelty, peracted and attained, any way render you considerable with sober, godly, and truly wise men: For what may not Frontless *Hypocrites* do, who have forsaken God, and given themselves over to the Devils Captivity, when impowered with Arms and Might, they resolve barbarously to break through, and cast off all bonds of *right*, *trust*, *duty*, *credit*, and *conscience* to *God* and *Man*, as *you* have done.

But you O hardned and *infatuated Regicides*, can you in good earnest flatter your selves, that this *foolish Toy*, this *shameless Im-*

posture, your *Bastard Brat*, your *headless Chimera*, your *many-headed Hydra*, called *The Agreement of the People*, (but by as full an Antiphrasis, as the Fiends and Furies of Hell were called *Eumenides*) will be a salve sufficient to heal, or Plaister to cover the wide deep and festered wounds, which your treacherous cruelty hath made upon this Kingdom in all Estates, both joynly, as in Parliament, and severally, as in the interests of the Crown, the Nobility, the Clergy and the Commons.

No, your selves know, that very Title, which you shamelessly impose upon your *mad and deformed Model* is nothing but a Lye and Falsity; being in no sense *The Agreement of the People*, nor we hope ever like to be. Neither in their Representatives the *Commons*, whom you have disbanded and cashiered in the Majority; leaving only some few Members left, whose *Asinine patience* and stupidity suffers the *Balaams* of the *Army*, as *mad* and false Prophets to ride upon them for the price of blood, and wages of Iniquity; To which Vassallage, we hope no Gentlemen of any Honour or Conscience, will ever betray themselves or their Country, by returning to that House again, or sitting and voting there, while it is under such insolent Tyrants.

Nor will you find it more *agreeable* to the *generality* of the *people* throughout the Kingdom, both *Ministers* and others, who in their *souls disagree* as much from what you have done and by that further design, as light doth from darkness, Liberty from Oppression, and God from your Dictator the Devil.

No, the People of *England*, will one day (if God please to cast his *Net* upon you, and put his hook into the all-devouring *jawes* of your *Leviathan*) make you and your *Dawbers* with the *untempered mortar of a moulded and dissolved Parliament*, to understand, that they abominate you and your deeds, as much as Hell it self; for your monstrous sins are their own Hell and Horror, more to be detested than all the sinless sufferings of Hell.

The antient and most *honourable House of Peers*, whom sometimes you flattered into a *Fools Paradise*, (while the poor shreds and remnants of that Court might serve your turn to face your affairs by any shew of their Authority) as if you had designed nothing to their *diminution*: Yet you have wholly laid them aside, as useless and dangerous Idols of honour, fit to be cast out to the Bats and Moles, to be levelled unto, or abased beneath, the

meanest Animals, and vilest beasts of the People; for though they should, any of them, so dishonour themselves as to descend into the Hell of your infected walls; yet could they never there descend to any degree of publique influence either for Counsel or Action, being sure to be alwaies overlaid, smothered and oppressed by your over-voting crew of Mechanick Idols; who saying that they have mouths to speak a *Treasonable Yea* or *No*, in other points, have *Eyes* and *see* not, *Noses* but smell not, *Hearts* but *consider* not, the *blood*, *cruor*, *carkases*, *skulls* and *dead bones* of their King and their Brethren of all degrees, with which they have inhumanely filled that *Charnel-house*, that *Golgotha* of that *quondam House of Commons*.

Sure the numerous, and once both famous and flourishing *Nobility* of *England*, besides those of *Ireland* and *Scotland*, cannot but infinitely abhorre and detest your arrogant despising of them, and trampling upon them; if they have but any drops of their Ancestors noble blood running in their veins, or any *sparks* of true Honour left in their Breasts: It will at length kindle such a fire of just indignation and revenge in those *Cedars*, as shall consume such base shrubs, such offensive thistles, and such domineering Briars: But if their *ignoble despondency* have so debased them to *Luxury* and *Cowardise*, that they dare not vindicate the Honour of their Nation, Name and Order, together with the rights of the *Crown*, the *Fountain* of their *Honour*, but are content to be either bowed, or hewed down, or over-dripped, or exsuccated by such Aspiring Ivies as you are; our *Counsel* is, that the antient Barons of *England*, sometimes Peers and chief Counsellors in Parliament, would solemnly *Degrade* themselves, lay aside their vain and *ridiculous Titles*, reverse their *Escocheons*, sell their *Scarlet Robes* to the Brokers in *Long-lane*, rather than keep them, either to feed *Moths*, or to be Monuments to all posterity, What Capons, *Poultroons* and dangerous *Buzzards* they are, descend from such Eagles, as many of their Ancestors were.

But if the *Nobility* should so far betray and desert themselves, their Posterity, their King and their Countrey (who though their number be not great, yet their interest is); and so might their influence on the Publique yet be, both great and good, if their spirits and gallantry were such, yet, how can you the greater *buggs of the Army*; or you the lesser *Vermine* and *Maggots* of the

Commons (who survive and crawl after the dissolution of your Parliament; bred of, and feeding upon, the putrefaction of that House) How can you think, that the *People of England*, who are generally and highly concerned in the Honour, Credit and Religion of the Nation, can ever with a good Conscience, or any face of common honesty, agree to your *Juggling* and *Sophistry*, as if you or your Western Mahomet and new Antichrist (*Hugh Peters*) had any Papal power to absolve their souls from those Protestations, Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, by all which they were and are both lawfully and religiously bound, under the greatest curses of God both to the Kingdom in general, and specially to the Parliaments Priviledges, and the Rights of the King and his lawful Successors: of which gross and manifold *perjuries*, they must make themselves guilty, only to make way to the *Dictatorship and Empire of some of your greater Brambles*; That (forsooth) the People of *England* might enjoy that Liberty, Peace and Plenty under your unavoidable Tyranny, insatiable Rapine, and cruel Oppression; of such Beggars as most of you are, and were, which formerly they could never have under the gracious Kings wise and Loyal Parliaments, the ingenuous Laws, and excellent Government of this sometime flourishing Kingdom.

Sure you are not yet so much *beasts*, as to think, that the Community of this great people can all govern themselves, or mutually one another: *Government must necessarily be setled and centred somewhere*: Nor is it likely, that your leaders and *Bashaes*, whose hands are imbrued in the blood of their King, will ever be so modest, as to lay themselves aside; and denying their own most *ambitious and covetous desires*, to let any others but themselves and their creatures reap the fruit of their projects and labours; for which they have pawned their *souls to the Devil*, and *sold themselves as* Ahab *to do wickedly*.

But if you dare venture it upon so ingenuous a Trial let the *people of England* without your *terrour, cunning, injurious restraints and exceptions* be their own *Umpires*, and Choosers, whether they will bear the light and easie yoke of the Laws, and the gentle as well as just chastisements of their penalties under a lawful King, or the *iron-yoke* of your Tyranny, and the *Scorpions* of your wills, being so many *Evening Wolves, bloody Traytors*, and *unlimitted Tyrants*, (whose little *fingers* in these last three years, have been infinite-

ly

ty heavier than the loins of all the Kings, that ever were in this Kingdom) let the people have free suffrages, you will soon find, That the true *Agreement of the People* (a hundred voices to one) is this, to shake off your cruel Tyranny, to bring to condign punishment such unheard of Traitors; and to invest in his Throne our lawful King *Charls* the Second, the Eldest Son of that good King you lately murthered. But how can the people of *England* ever hope to have any other *Civil Agreement* of theirs, binding to you and your pragmatick faction; further than your own fancies, lusts, and pleasures think fit; since they find you to have so lately broken through all Laws of God and Man; all *Antient and Fundamental Agreements* in this Nation, on which the Honour and Safety of our Kings, the Priviledges of our Parliaments, the Liberties of the People, the Order and Purity of our Church, and the happiness of our Nation were setled? What Cautions can you give, that you will hereafter submit to any *publick Agreement*; who are such shifters, juglers and dissemblers, that no Laws, Leagues, Protestations or Promises you freely make can bind you; No faith to King, Parliament, People, Neighbour Nations, or God Almighty can hold you; but like the man possessed with the unclean spirit, you break all ties and bonds, casting Church and State into fire or water, as the rash motions of your Frantick humors carry you. *&c.*

Conscience you can have none; since your *lights* are so *Lunatick*, and your principles varie every moneth.

Credit you have none, who have made *bankrupt of the Publick Faith*, and forfeited so many solemn and Sacred Obligations to God and Man.

Sense of Honour or Duty you can have none, since you have neither *fear* of God, nor *reverence* of Man.

Estates you have little or none, to hazard or lose upon any forfeiture of your Faith or Agreement: And for your Heads and Lives they are now so vile and cheap, that although you are not fit to live, yet they are scarce worth the taking.

Sure *you* cannot but appear to *your selves* as well as to all men, the most *outlawed*, *notorious* and *stigmatized Rebels*, the most *perfidious Traytors* that ever any King, or Senate, State or People imployed or trusted: Having utterly blotted out all your former promeritings and good service so much boasted of; Since the Event proclaims you served not King, Parliament, or Countrey,

try, but your own *lusts*, and *villanous designs*, which by the advantages of *mutinous power*, you now seek to accomplish under the void, and forfeited Commission of that stupid Saint, that dumb shew of your silent, extatick, and seduced General, who in so great a concern, forgat his pristine valour and honour.

So that the darkning of your most wicked designs by this title of *The Agreement of the People*, amounts to no more in the true and last sense of it, but this, That you would have the *People of England*, and the other two united Kingdoms, willingly to bow down to your *Hoddy doddy*, your all *Breech-Idol*, as a Prophet of your own so *variously, and falsly inspired*, justly calls your *unlick'd*, and *monstruous projects*, not of Goverment, but of Anarchy and Tyranny, who may live indeed to see a day of judgement come upon you.

You would have *us all to pledge you* in that horrible draught of the Kings blood, which you have greedily drank; to appove and abet your *execrable villanies*, and to submit for ever to the *intollerable Tyranny* of such *Goths*, *Vandalls*, and *Saracens* as you are.

Who are but the *Devils Leiuetenants*; *Factors* for the God of this impure World; signal *Anti-christs*, accurate *fullfillers* of all the characters foretold, and brands set upon you in the last and perilous times; in which true glass, you, and all men may clearly see the ugly lineaments of your most deformed faces and manners.

It is hoped, that God hath yet so much mercy left in store for these sinful (and by you most miserable) Kingdoms, as he gives us *grace* utterly to abhor your desperate sins; So that we trust he will never suffer us by a Devillish Apostasie to fall from all Vows, and Oaths, by which *we and our posterity* are bound to God, the Crown, and our Countries; only to have yours, and the *Devils absolution*, to make a Covenant and Agreement with Hell and Death, with your most irreligious and damnable designs and practices.

No, the sin and horrour of your waves, are now like *Absaloms* incestuous and noon-day Rapes, discovered in the sight of the Sun, and all the World; Nor will the subtilty of your soft and faigned voyces, like Syrens any more charm, and enchant the honest people of *England*, into such Beasts and Monsters, as your selves are; to whose hellish deformities you would have

all

Brothers to conform: They have seen, and felt too much already of your cruel Hypocrisies, your devillish and strong Delusions.

Have not your words been alwayes *Solœcisms* to your *purposes*, and your practices contradictions to your pretences?

Have you not as much as lies in your power and malice, cast us into the dead Sea of disloyalty, perjury, cruelty, barbarity, irreligion, and confusion, that is possible for any Nation suddenly to relapse, and fall into, after so many Sacred, and Solemn Professions of Loyalty, and Reformation to God, and the World, whom we called to witness upon our Souls?

Agreeable to all which, and to fill up the measure of our sins, as if our Rebellon against God, and the King, were hitherto but a light and small matter, by which we have most unhappily occasioned his death, by the hands of cruel *Edomites*, and cursed *Amalekites* as you are; which most deplorable calamity, to us, and this Nation, we penitently look upon as the severest temporal stroke which the wrath of God, gone out against us, can inflict upon us. Yet your impudent Hypocrisie now seeks to obtrude upon us your *wretched* and *abhorred Agreement*; The Sum of which is to leave the Kingdom without a King, Government without Authority, Magistrates without Power, a People without Laws, a Body without an Head, Sheep without a Shephere, Christians without Christ, Churches without Ministers, Ministers without Maintenance, a Nation without Faith; In a word, you would have us live as men without Souls, without God, willfully degeneraring to Beasts, without sense of Vertue or Vice, shame or honour, without fear of Hell, hopes of Heaven, or thoughts of Eternity; and all this to maintain a few Tyrannous Hypocrites, and Sodomitick Saints, the cry of whose sins, like *Sodom*, is gone up to *Heaven*, and are a burden too heavy for the *Earth* to bear. Have you not already made the Name of these *Protestant*, and *Reformed Churches*, to stink among all Nations, both Christian and Heathen, through the dead flies, and rottenness of your principles, and manners.

Have you not surpassed the cunning and cruelty of the most *Jesuitick* heads and hands, as much as you come short of their learning and pretensions, which are to advance the *Popes Authority* above that of *Kings*: But you upon baser Principles, seek to subject the Regal Soveraignty to that of the People, as

you call it, not that you mean so in good earnest, further than to delude the people, and to raise the heads of your desperate Faction above all, both King, Prince, Peers, and People.

We *appeal to all sober Christians*, whether your Treasons have not far surpassed the *Powder Conspiracy*, Inasmuch, as they plotted secretly, but you have peracted openly, the *murther of the King*, the *ruine of all the Royal Issue*, the *overthrow of all our Laws*, the *blowing up of all Parliaments*, the *subverting of the whole State and Government*, the devastation of your Country, the abolition of all true Religion, the extirpation of all Liberty, Peace, Order, and Humanity.

Your Elder Brother *Faux* himself might seem a *Saint* compared to you; whose *New Light*, and *Dark Lanthorn* you have so long made use of, to hide and disguise your desperate intentions: Nor were the rest of those Powder Traytors so criminal as you, if they had effected what they designed, since they neither pretended to that Saintship, or that smooth preciseness which you have done; nor had they upon them such signal ties of Publique, and special Trust (besides your many voluntary Obligations) The total violation of all which, renders your Sins out of *measure sinful*, and your *Treasons incomparably traiterous*; beyond what any *Catelines*, but your selves, ever had the desperate boldness to have conceived, or committed.

Had you been our *Open Enemies*, or self-raising *Rebels*, in a declared rivalry, and enmity against King, Parliament, and Country, we could either have prevented, and opposed you, or have born with less shame and disdain your insolent and prevailing Cruelties against them all.

But when we consider what ostentation, and shew you made of exact obedience, and plenary aquiescence in their Votes, Results, and Orders, from whom you had your unhappy Commission; also of loyal regard to His Majesties Safety, Rights, Honour, and Posterity, (to whom some of your chief Commanders (as they well know) engaged their Souls, as much as was possible for any mortal men to do), devoting themselves to all the Curses of God, temporal and eternal, upon the breach and failer of their words to His Majesty.

Add to these the fair *glosings* you made at your first meeting, of speedy and impartial endeavours to settle all things in Peace, Justice, due Liberty, and Piety; which how faithfully you have effected,

effected, the present Deplored state of this Church and state may witness; whose face is now miserably squalled, and hideously besmeared with the blood of the King, and those most indelible Reproaches wherewith you have blasphemed our God, our King, and our Religion.

We the People of *England*, of all sorts, Lords, Gentry, Clergy, and Commons, do again and again declare to God, and all the World, the present Age, and Posterity, so long as the World shall endure, our *infinite abhorrence*, *utter detestation*, and *total disagreement*, from what you the *Officers* of the *Army*, and your most slavish, ever infamous, and *Unparliamentary Junto* have already done, or shall further do, (through Gods vengeance upon this Nation) in prosecution of your never sufficiently abominated Villanies.

Nor do we desire any thing more of the just and Almighty God, (not in order to the satisfaction of our private malice, or desire of revenge on any of you (though our particular injuries have been many from you) but only in order to the *publique Vindication* of Gods Glory, the Honour of the *Reformed Religion*, the Loyalty, Faith, and Credit of this Nation, the wiping away those foul sins of *Treason*, *Perjury*, *Truce-breaking*, and *Regal Parricide*, (in all which Villanies your execrable Faction, wallowing in the blood of your King, and fellow-Subjects, now seek impenitently and irreparably to implunge this whole Nation;) That we might (as some solace under our immense sorrows, and tyrannizing miseries inflicted by you) but live to see Gods temporal judgements so far upon you, as may pull down your *Luciferian* pride, and make your obstinate minds to see the horrour of your Villanies; That like *Cain*, you may be afraid of all men; like *Judas*, accursed to all Posterity, given over to Satan, and excommunicated by all good Christians, as Murtherers of your Father, Killers of your King; That you may ever be haunted with the *rueful Ghost*, and *hideous Phantasme* of the King, whom you have traytorously butchered: That the *exemplary vengeance* of God may be upon you, and your Adherents so remarkably, and in such a Proportion to your Villanies, that if there be any place left for Repentance, you may find it; and yet all the World may see, your destruction is the Lords doing, and say, *Doubtless there a God that judgeth the Earth*.

Nor do we despair, but God will upon our true Repentance for our great sins and supine folly (which gave you advantages to fulfil your most odious Villanies) so far remember his mercies to this most deplorable Kingdom, and by you (as so many wild Bores) desolated Churches, as to stirre up some powerful Avenger of the Kings blood; and all that other innocent blood, which the depths and deceits at first, the force and violence afterward, of your bloody Faction hath occasioned and caused to be shed; by your tumultuating the people; your instigating the spirits of the two Houses with false and pannick fears; Your calumniating the King, and perverting his gracious purposes; Your enflaming the enmities, and heightning the Animosities on both sides; Your fraudulently voting, No Addresses; and publishing that lying and most infamous Libel for your pretended grounds; Your widening the differences, and hindering all fair equable closings, both formerly, and in that last memorable Treaty at *Newport*; of which you were the most rude, savage and perfidious Violators, that ever History recorded.

We know, that you can now only trust in your *Arm of Flesh*, in the Devils aid and Counsel, having in your works denied the Living God; instead of whom; your Bellie and the present World, are become your God and your glorie: for the satisfaction of which, and the attaining places of profit and power (agreeable to your lusts, which are enlarged like Hell) you have dared to advance thus far to the destroying of King, Parliament, and Laws; which were the only boundaries and conservers of our Peace, Properties, Lives and Liberties; yet after all this, you inscribe on your *Bloody Banners*, and *impudent foreheads*, *The Agreement of the People*; and the *Restorers* of our *Liberties*.

Which Plots, although you think them your Master-pieces for artifice, jugling and policy (that so you might by fair words and flattering lies, allure the many and meaner People to maintain those Monsters which you have brought forth) yet you must know, That the People of *Englands* eyes are not so blood-shotten, not their Consciences so seared, nor their Hearts so disloyal, nor their sences so bewitched by your Magick and Charms, as not to see through, and fully both discover and detest your deviliſh designs of Tyrannie, Anarchie and Profaneness, whereto you drive, through all these cloudings of *immethodical Nonsense*, and *indigested scriblings*; which like your late *damnable Remonstrance* and

and your other *illiterate* and *irrational Papers* discover; that where there is so much want of grace and common honestie as in you, it is impossible not to want even those *shews of common sense* and vulgar Reason, which are necessarie (not to justifie (which no tongue, pen or wit of Devils can do) but so far as to palliate your filth, and cover your nakedness; or to render your wicked projects but tolerably plausible to those, that have the grossest perception of things.

The better to temper this your Cup of deadly poison, to please the vulgar relish (which you think is gross and undecerning) you tempt them with the name of *Liberty*, first in Civil things; which all men see is but a *meer Cheat*, while they are like to be held under your Iron hands, and squeezed under your tyrannous wills, and intolerable Exactions; instead of injoying the benefit of our antient and famous Laws (the best that any Subjects in the world enjoyed, the just and only bounds of our Liberties, and Conservers of our both Peace and Prosperities; to which all honest men (who have no joynt stock with you in *Knavery*, *Poverty*, and *Baseness*) desire most humbly and earnestly to return; Despairing (and with good cause) that ever their Liberties and Properties can be either advanced or defended by you, who have been so insolent usurpers over King, Parliament, and all our Laws and Liberties; which our fore-fathers indeed enjoyed many years, through Gods blessing and the Fatherly care of their Princes, to a greater measure of Peace, Plentie, and Pietie, than ever can be hoped for under such *bloody Leeches*, such numerous and unsatiable *Caterpillars*, as we have felt you to be: Nay, we tell you, we so far disdain your Hipocrisie, Treacherie, and Tyrannie, that we had rather be under the Tyrannie of our rightful King (of whose justice and clemencie we nothing doubt) than owe our Libertie, as you call it, to such vile *Mushrooms* and *detested Traitors* as you are; who boast of Libertie, yet are indeed slaves to your damned and desperate lusts; studying nothing but how to delude the people with *the name* and *fancy of Liberty*; as if you would perswade us rather to be the *Devils Free-men*, as you are, (led Captive by his will) than to be Loyal Subjects to our lawful and most hopeful King; or humble servants to God, whose sacred ties are many wayes upon our souls, binding us to fear God, and to honour the King; and no less to abhorre you; and have no fellowship with such as are given to seditious or perju-

rious changes: forbidding us to use our Libertie, as men and Christians, for a cloak of maliciousness, perjury, tyranny hypocrisie, and all licentious villanies, as you have done.

The next pretence wherewith you bait the *Mousetrap*, and temper the *Ratsbane* of your *Agreement*, is that of *Liberty in Religion*; Your meaning is, That men may be free to profess no Religion; or any which they call such, so it be not the true one, which you know is most opposite to your seditious, traiterous, mercilesse, uncharitable, and bloody Superstitions: The very truth is, you aim at such an *Intolerable tolleration in Religion*, as you think is most agreeable to the profane hearts, and licentious manners of the most *debauched lives*, *and Atheistical Spirits*, with which you have already pestered this *English* world.

In order to this Truth-darkening, and Soul-damning design, we know you follow your Leader the Devil, and his Lieutenant General, to the utter dissolving of all Government, Order, and Discipline in the Church, to discourage all learned, godly and painful Ministers; to rob and spoil them of all setled Maintenance; to reduce them and the work of the Ministry to that contempt, which in the pride and luxurie of these times, follows poverty and beggery; That they depending on the peoples good will and charity, (which in many you have made bad and cold enough toward the best and ablest Preachers) or upon your insolent and niggardly stipends, they and their families may either eat their own dung, and drink their own piss, or be forced by necessities of life to desert their Function and places; so as to leave their Congregations destitute of all holy publique duties; or expose them to those *Military Wolves and Mechanick Foxes*, which you have in great store provided for the supply of all places, in Church as well as State.

Thus doth your rage reach as high as Heaven, and as low as Hell: But we hope the God of Heaven will look down upon us, and our children in mercy, and by some speedie *rebuke of such Satans*, not suffer your follie and furie to proceed any further, it being manifest to all moral and sober men, that you are *Factors not only for your selves*, to devour our Estates, Houses, Lands, Liberties, Peace, and Lives; but like the *great Dragon*, you pour forth a Sea of blood and poison, ignorance and profaneness, such as may for ever drown both our and our childrens souls in Heathenish Barbarism, Superstition, Atheism, and Eternal destruction.

But

But know O you *neither Milstones*, you *poisonous Asps*, you *King-killing Basilisks*, you *desperate Deceivers*, and *damnably deceived*: That although you have against all Faith of *Turks*, *Jews*, or any *Heathens*, by fraud and force usurped upon our secular and civil Liberties; so that at present we have not any formed power to oppose you, and call your Ring-leaders to a severe account for your unheard of crimes and injuries against our King and our Country. Yet shall our constancy in, and our suffering for our Religion, and our incouragement of godly learned and faithful Ministers, to our best abilities, make the world to see, that there is no Agreement between Christ in us, and *Belial* in you; our God and your Mammon.

We hope the *Triumphing* of such *Hypocrites* as you are, is but *short*; nor shall you long insult over the *dead* and *divided Corps* of our late Lord and Soveraign King; whose Wisdom, Piety, Faith, and Patience, God (we doubt not) hath crowned with Glorie and Immortalitie; having perfected those many Princely gifts and Divine graces in him (as God often doth in his deareſt Saints and Martyrs, after the example of his crucified Son Jesus Christ) by his sufferings and your cruelties, whose Memory and Posterity will be ever dear, precious, and honoured, to us and our succeeding generations as a King, who now appears beyond the Errours and Jealousies of former surmises (chiefly raised and fomented by your false and envious Faction) to have been the most *constant Pillar*, the *Noblest Patron*, the *resolutest Protector*, and the *most patient Martyr* for our Laws, Liberties, Lives, and Religion; Yea and of our Parliaments true Priviledges; which his Majesty best saw, and fullest declared at first to have been shamefully invaded and out-raged by your Tumults, after by your Armies; next by your new modellings, at last by actual mutinings, impudent menaces, violent and warlike expressions upon their safety, libertie, faith, loyaltie and honour, with which purposes you sometime falsely aspersed, and afterward accused the King: and for which calumnies you most unjustly condemned, and traiterously muthered him; your selves being most truly and notoriously guiltie of that, for which you wickedly, cruelly, and unjustly destroyed your and our King. Shall you escape the righteous judgement of God? Will not God visit you for these things? Shall he not be avenged of such cruel Hypocrites?

Nor

Nor is it without a special Providence, that you should be left wholly naked, and destitute of all pretended due Authority, in the fulfilling your execrable villanies, to which you would now fain invite the people of *England*; not having any shew or colour of any Parliamentary Votes, Authority, or Commands to countenance your mischiefs, murthers, and tyrannies, not any concurrence of either *Lords* or *Commons*; whom now under *force*, and without all *freedom* (becoming either Gentlemen or Christians) we must tell you, we look upon as *no House*, and their enforced, or enslaved Votes as *null*; Their after sittings, and complyings with you, being nothing but *infamous*, and base *prostitutings* of the Honour of that House, and *Vassallatings* of the Dignity and Liberty, both of the Parliament, and People of *England*, to the tyranny of a few *Mutinous Cut-throats*, *Trayterous Rebels*, and *bloody Schismatiks*; who are in no sense to be counted the People of *England*, any more than Scabs, or Plague-sores, or Leprosie, or putid Ulcers, and noysome Excrements, are to be reputed any part of the Body, whose grief, burthen, and annoyance they are.

So that unless you can flatter your selves to have done well, and worthily, in all you have cruelly, insolently, and trayterously acted against King, Lords, Commons, Gentry, Clergy, and all honest men.

Unless you can propound something to recompence the inestimable Injuries you have done to all Estates in these three Kingdoms, as in other acts of your Tyranny and Treason so chiefly in that unparallel'd Villany of *Murthering* such a *King*, and depriving us of so *Incomparable* a *Prince*, for Wisdom, Piety, Gravity, Patience, Magnanimity, Courage, Constancy, Charity, and all other Vertues, most adorning a Man, a King, and a Christian; (the loss of whom, all the lives of you, and your Approvers cannot countervail, or expiate, being but as so many Dogs heads to such a Boon.)

Unless you can stop the Mouths of all men, or cut their Throats, or fear their Consciences, or perswade them to damn their Souls, for your sakes, to gratifie a few *Cauterised* Consciences, bloody and ambitious Spirits among you.

You cannot but hear the sound of much Vengeance coming upon you, to which your own *black Souls* summon you, and which your own Consciences will in the first place silently, but yet severely execute upon you.

Nor

Nor will your *Seeming Smiles*, and *forced confidences*, nor yet the Applauſes of your ſordid Flatterers, and deſperate Confederates, nor yet the aſſiſtance of your numerous and deluded Souldiers, be able to exempt you from that ſtorm of Fire and Brimſtone, that Pit, Snare, Curſe, and Hell, which purſues you, and is ready to overtake you.

How can ſuch *Zimri's*, who have ſo trayterouſly ſlain ſuch a King, their Lord and Maſter, ever hope to have peace, or impunity in this, or the other World? Since the Juſtice of Divine Providence (in a Caſe where his Name was not blaſphemed, and ſo his Glory not ſo concerned, as in this, (of your murthering ſo lawful, and ſo Chriſtian a King) ſuffered not any of the Murtherers of *Julius Cæſar*, who was but an Uſurper, to dye other than a violent, and immature death. Nor will (we hope) our *Solomon* by Gods bleſſing, and his Subjects aſſiſtance, ſuffer the hairy Scalps of thoſe who were the chief Counſellors, and Actors, in deſtroying his dear Father, and our Dread Soveraign, to go down to the Grave in peace, or to dye a dry death, who have ſhed the blood of War, in a time when all Differences were by a Treaty drawn to a Peace and Union.

We can never think, that a *Babel* of ſo confuſed a faſhion, of ſuch a headlong height, as yours is; ſuch a Toads-ſtool ſuddenly grown out of the Earth of Beggary and Ignorance, by Fraud and Cruelty, lately watered with the blood of the King, and his Subjects, can long thrive or ſtand; having no foundation in the World, or any ſhew of reaſon, equity, honour, peace, liberty, or piety to ſupport it. Not any ſeeming Authority (for due and legall you could have none upon Earth.) Not any general deſire, delight, conſent, or Agreement, in what you have done, or propound further to do; but rather a general deteſtation, an utter abhorrence, and a perfect hatred of you, and your deeds; which honeſt men will then agree to, and ſubſcribe, when they can be content to love *Death*, and *Hell*, or to hate God, and their Souls.

Nor doubt we, but many of thoſe *Souldiers*, whoſe *valour* and *ſimplicity* you have thus far groſſely abuſed, by ingaging them in ſuch deſperate aſſiſtances (whoſe profit will redound to but few, or none of them) when their Chriſtian, penitent, and ſmiteing hearts ſhall come to ſee (as no doubt many of them already do, who are not throughly poiſoned with your deſperate Princi-

ples) to what horrid Villanies they they are made Gossips, and accessary by your Fraud, and Hipocrisie, they will speedily return from you, *dead Dogs*, desperate *Sheba's*, and cursing *Shimei's*, whose mouths and hearts are full of the *gall* of *bitterness*, *whose hands and feet are swift to shed blood*, *who know not the way of Peace*, nor have any fear of God before your eyes? whose *Curse is to boast your selves in your iniquity*; to fall from *one wickedness* to *another*, till eternal vengeance upon you.

Penitently smiting their breasts, as those that came from crucifying Christ Jesus, (a work proportionate to the malice and cruelty of you our Kings Murtherers, our *barabasses*) whose barbarity hath at once deprived the King of what is wont to be dearest to men, his Life, and his Kingdoms; robbing his Subjects, the Christian World, and all Mankind of the *greatest glory*, and most *Illustrious* Example of Vertue and Pietie that ever sate upon a Christian Throne; The most *unspotted Person*, the *wisest Prince*, the most *Charitable Christian*, the most *imitable* Pattern for Moderation in Prosperity, for Patience in Adversity, for devout humility toward God, for *judicious zeal* to true Religion, for *constant love* to the Church, for *winning Majesty* upon all men, that ever swayed the Scepter of this, or any other Kingdom; *Accessible* in his brightest splendor, *Magnanimous* in his Diminutions; Of a thriving and victorious Vertue under the heaviest Pressures and Crosses; Whose excellent *Skill* was never so much discovered as in the late Storms; Whose Darknings rendered him not less *formidable* to his Enemies, or less *venerable* to his Friends; Nor was he ever more terrible to those that are perfect haters of God, of Him, and of all Goodness, than when they saw that the Eminency of his Vertues was not to be smothered by their Calumnious Expressions; but the beams and lustre of Divine Majestie in him daily conquered all Ecclipsings that either his own misfortunes, or your malice cast upon him,

This was the Man, this the Christian, this the King, this the Saint, this the Martyr, whom these *Judas's* have betrayed, these *Jews* destroyed, these *Caniballs* devoured.

A Sin questionless exceeding in many respects that of Christs Crucifiers, (not as to the dignity of the person, wherein Christ infinitely surpassed the Majestie, as well as Merit, of all Earthly Kings) but as to that Eminency of Civil Dignity, and Soveraignty,

raignty, wherewith the King from God was invested; which Christ Jesus never assumed, contenting himself with the form of a servant, and subjecting himself to Civil Magistracy. Also in regard of that malice, hypocrsie and pretenceless Crueltie, which these Monsters shewed against the King, destitute of any shew of Due Authority; which the Crucifiers of our Saviour wanted not, urging also a Law they had, by which they said, (though falsely) he ought to die: What Law the Kings Murtherers either produced or pretended to justifie their Authoritie, their Accusations, or their Sentence against, and Execution upon the King, we and they are yet to learn; nor is it possible they ever should; since all our Laws do most fully and clearly declare the person of the King as Supream, Sacred, Unaccountable, Inviolable by any Person, Process, Judgement or Punishment on Earth.

When the Souldierie by Sea and Land shall once seriously reflect upon and consider the infinite odious aggravations, wherewith this horrid Murther of such a Man, such a Prince, and their lawful King, is laden (to which Villany, their Valour was abused, to be only as Blood-hounds, Butchers, and Hang-men) no doubt they will conceive so just and generous a disdain, that no mens hands will be more ready to avenge their own dishonour, the shame of their Profession, the wound and stain of their Consciences, the Blood of their King, the Dignity of Parliaments, and the Loyaltie of their Nation, (never so branded in any former age) than those Souldiers, whose Valour you the *Achitophels*, *Jeroboams*, *Hamans*, *and Machiavels* of our times have basely abused, only to serve you in accomplishing your Execrable Villanies, and to preserve you from just and speedy Vengeance, which (as *Severus* said to those *Villaines* and *Traitors*, who had murthered their Emperour *Pertinax*) can neither be invented for you, nor executed upon you, proportionable to the many and Outragious Villanies committed by you.

We the People of *England*, cannot but appeal to God, your own Consciences, (such as they are, cauterised and pollured with the Blood of our King) also to the judgement of all men, that have but common sober sense, Whether any Age, any Monuments of former times, any History of humane Affairs, have ever recorded any excess of Riot, any superfluity of Wickednes to have ever flowed from the hearts of any men, or have been

been fulfilled parallel to yours? Whether any Combination of desperate men, filled with the Quintessence of all wickedness, fraught with flatterie, crueltie, hypocrisie, tyrannie, and all degrees of malicious Villany, incident to humane nature, have since the world began, and Mankind hath been planted upon the Earth, ever committed the like Villanies (which exceed all names of Vice and Infamies) or ever more deserved to be made a publick Curse, and universal Execration to all Mankind, to have their persons cut off from the face of the Earth, and buried with the burial of an Ass; to have their Posterity, as a Pestilent Progenie spewed out of the Land, (unless they fully declare their unfeigned and utter abhorrence of their Fathers Villanies, who have defiled the Land with the blood of the King;) That their Houses (which are neither great nor many) may be raised; that their memories may be blotted out from under Heaven, or only remembred with perpetual scorn, cursing and infamie.

Since they have besides many other preparatorie mischiefs, by murthering the King, dis-inheriting his Posteritie, and dissolving this antient and flourishing Monarchy, (as far as lies in their power and malice) put us upon this miserable choice; Either cowardly, basely, and shamefully to submit to their detestable and unsatiable Tyrannie; or to be ever oppressed with a War in our own bowels; in which we must either expose our Lives and Fortunes to these mens covetous Cruelty, or help to enslave and destroy our selves by assisting these Usurpers; or compel the Rightful Heir of these Kingdoms, our hopeful *King* CHARLS *the Second*, to plead and assert his Right by a Foraign Sword; being denied that just assistance, which as his Subjects we ought to afford him against the Murtherers of his and our Countries Father; his own Enemies, and indeed of all *Kingly Majesty*, and Mankind; the Dissolvers of our Parliaments, the Oppressors of our Liberties, the Exhausters of our Estates, the Suckers of our Blood, the Blasphemers of our Religion, the Damners of our Souls (unless God preserve us,) the Crucifiers afresh of the Lord of Glory, and putting him to open shame.

The Crie of the blood of our King, the Voice of the Genius of this Nation, and the Alarm of Gods Justice, call aloud to all honest men of Foraign Nations round about, to all loyal Subjects in these three Kingdoms, to all men of any common honesty or sober profession of Religion in all the world; summoning them

to ſanctifie themſelves, and luſtrate and expiate not only this *Engliſh* Nation and theſe three Kingdoms, but all Mankind, and Civil Societies, by taking ſpeedy Vengeance, and executing Gods and Mans ſevereſt Juſtice on theſe perfidious Truce-breakers, proud Uſurpers, cruel Hypocrites, traiterous Apoſtates, and barbarous King-killers.

We cannot but ſend the divided parts of our dead but endeared King, now a glorious Saint, (whom theſe men have with ſubtilty and cruelty lately murthered) to all the Tribes of this our *Iſrael*, to deſire the advice of all good men, to ſee and conſider, whether this hideous Villany were committed with their conſent, or deſerve to be patronized with their Agreement; whether it was ever thus done in any Chriſtian Nation or Kingdom, by any Army of pretending Saints, or any men, we ſay not of Common Honeſty, but of the moſt exquiſite and ſtudied Villany: Whether any thing can be produced out of Common Principles of ſound Reaſon, out of the Laws of God, out of Chriſts Holy Precepts, out of the Actions and Examples of any holy and good men; or laſtly, out of any letter, ſenſe or meaning of our Laws, whereby in the leaſt degree to countenance, cover or excuſe the Actions of theſe men; or to ſatisfie any mans Conſcience, that doth not utterly abhorre, and ſeriouſly endeavour to expiate the ſin and guilt of ſuch Deteſtable Villanies.

According to the heaped and over-running meaſure of their open ſins, and abominable Villanies, ſo let every good man, that fears God, knows the Memory and Vertues of ſo good a King, loves his Country, will keep a good Conſcience, and deſires to ſave his own ſoul, not only withdraw all voluntary aſſiſtance from them, leſt they ſeem approvers of their wicked Deeds, and be partakers of their Guilt and Judgements; but heartily pray, and conſtantly endeavour the Reſtoring of the Crowns and Kingdoms to the only *Lawful Heir*, the late *Kings Eldeſt Son*, upon whom are many happy Preſages, and great Expectations of Glorious Atchievements; whom God hath in Mercy, we hope, to theſe Churches and Kingdoms, preſerved out of the hands of theſe bloody Villains, who Declared in their *Deviliſh Remonſtrance*, their purpoſe to deſtroy him, with his Brother the Duke of *York*, and mingle their tender bloods with that of their Father; whom ſpecial Providence hath prepared for great and excellent Deſigns, by the *maturity* of his years, by the *procerity* of his perſon, by

been fulfilled parallel to yours? Whether any Combination of desperate men, filled with the Quintessence of all wickedness, fraught with flatterie, cruelty, hypocrisie, tyrannie, and all degrees of malicious Villany, incident to humane nature, have since the world began, and Mankind hath been planted upon the Earth, ever committed the like Villanies (which exceed all names of Vice and Infamies) or ever more deserved to be made a publick Curse, and universal Execration to all Mankind, to have their persons cut off from the face of the Earth, and buried with the burial of an Ass; to have their Posterity, as a Pestilent Progenie spewed out of the Land, (unless they fully declare their unfeigned and utter abhorrence of their Fathers Villanies, who have defiled the Land with the blood of the King;) That their Houses (which are neither great nor many) may be raised; that their memories may be blotted out from under Heaven, or only remembred with perpetual scorn, cursing and infamie.

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to

to sanctifie themselves, and lustrate and expiate not only this *English* Nation and these three Kingdoms, but all Mankind, and Civil Societies, by taking speedy Vengeance, and executing Gods and Mans severest Justice on these perfidious Truce-breakers, proud Usurpers, cruel Hypocrites, traiterous Apostates, and barbarous King-killers.

We cannot but send the divided parts of our dead but endeared King, now a glorious Saint, (whom these men have with subtilty and cruelty lately murthered) to all the Tribes of this our *Israel*, to desire the advice of all good men, to see and consider, whether this hideous Villany were committed with their consent, or deserve to be patronized with their Agreement; whether it was ever thus done in any Christian Nation or Kingdom, by any Army of pretending Saints, or any men, we say not of Common Honesty, but of the most exquisite and studied Villany: Whether any thing can be produced out of Common Principles of sound Reason, out of the Laws of God, out of Christs Holy Precepts, out of the Actions and Examples of any holy and good men; or lastly, out of any letter, sense or meaning of our Laws, whereby in the least degree to countenance, cover or excuse the Actions of these men; or to satisfie any mans Conscience, that doth not utterly abhorre, and seriously endeavour to expiate the sin and guilt of such Detestable Villanies.

According to the heaped and over-running measure of their open sins, and abominable Villanies, so let every good man, that fears God, knows the Memory and Vertues of so good a King, loves his Country, will keep a good Conscience, and desires to save his own soul, not only withdraw all voluntary assistance from them, lest they seem approvers of their wicked Deeds, and be partakers of their Guilt and Judgements; but heartily pray, and constantly endeavour the Restoring of the Crowns and Kingdoms to the only *Lawful Heir*, the late *Kings Eldest Son*, upon whom are many happy Presages, and great Expectations of Glorious Atchievements; whom God hath in Mercy, we hope, to these Churches and Kingdoms, preserved out of the hands of these bloody Villains, who Declared in their *Devilish Remonstrance*, their purpose to destroy him, with his Brother the Duke of *York*, and mingle their tender bloods with that of their Father; whom special Providence hath prepared for great and excellent Designs, by the *maturity* of his years, by the *procerity* of his person, by

the *gallantry* of his Spirit, by the *excellency* of his Understanding, by the *gravity* of his Manners, and severity of his Example, *far beyond* what is wonted or expected in young Men, or young Princes in point of Piety and Vertue.

This is that Person, this that Prince, worthy of his high Descent, worthy of such a Father, whose worth already promises to exceed all you can desire or hope for from a Good and Gracious King; upon him God, and our Laws, and our Oaths, commands all Loyal and Religious Subjects to fix their Eyes, to unite their Hearts and Hands to the Love and Assistance of him, to expiate the sin and shame of their former Errours and Defaults, which have produced such sad and abhorred Effects; to break the Strength, to extirpate the Persons, to oppose the Designs, and to revenge the Villanies, which have been with an high hand committed against God, the King, the Parliament, the Laws, and the Kingdoms, by these Miscreants, men alwayes of desperate Fortunes, but now of so desperate Minds and Manners, that all *their paths lead to the Chambers of Death, and their steps are descending to the pit of Hell.*

From which the Lord in Mercy deliver the people of this Nation, by prospering our Rightful King, and by his Valour and Vertues, redeeming us speedily from the sins, sufferings and tyrannies of these blood-thirsty and deceitful men; with whom no *Agreement can be made by any man,* who doth not desperately resolve to sin against the Holy Ghost, and eternally damn his own Soul.

Lam. 5. 16. 16. *The Crown is fallen from our head: Wo unto us that we have sinned.*

For this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim.

Eph. 5. 11. *Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.*

Consilia callida & inhonesta prima fronte læta. Tractatu dura; eventu tristia Lecit.

FINIS.

In Martyrium
CAROLI PRIMI
Magnæ Britaniæ Regis invicti
Jan. 30. 1648.

INfandis referas damno, scelerique dolorem
Musa parem; qualis luctu sub morte Josiæ
Ingenti vallem compleverat Hadarimmon.
Qualis ab irriguis oculis, seu fonte perenni,
Uberibus manet lachrymis noctuque diuque:
Qualem continuo rorans pia lumina fletu
Optabat Vates deploratissimus olim.
Sit modus hic nescire modum; quò postera discat
Impia gens quantum scelereatur sanguine Regis.
Regis ab antiquis oriundi Regibus; at Qui
Tantum alios superans, virtute antiquior omnes;
Quantum lenta solent celsæ viburna cupressus.
Ut scopulus mediis Neptuni in fluctibus ingens,
In cœlum tollens sublimia culmina, nullis
Exuperanda undis, immotus pectore forti
Perstat, & immensis hærens radicibus, omnem
Oceani frangit rabiem; nec territus unquam
Conjuratorum ventorum prælia temnit.
Talem Te sensêre Tui; Te (Maxime Regum)
Vidimus invictâ conatus mente ferentem
Hostiles; variâ tentato mole malorum
Inconcussa manet victrix patientia; sacro
Horrore insuetum complêsti Carolus orbem.
Aurea, quæ pulchro pinxti dictamina libro,
(Tam pravi cæcique malis Lux & super ævi)
Unicus implêsti vitæ, moderamine; passus
Quas alii fingunt ærumnas; ultima mortis
Humanam superant sortem miracula sancta.
Rex idem, & Martyr; Trino Diademata claru;
Altior exurgens summâ mens ambitione
Martyrium imperio junxit: Quartamque Coronam

Stellis non gemmis fulgentem, ſumere pergit
Impavidus Chriſti, & Sponſæ mirandus Alumnus;
Cœlibus Angelicis proprior, mortalia longè
Deſpicit. Ante pedes (facinus deforme) Rebellum
Dum proſtrata jacet Majeſtas Regia, ſurgit
Celſior, è tenebris ſplendens Auguſtior iſtis:
Comminuit quantum Satanæ, vel militis ira,
Omni-potens tantum Numen virtutibus auxit;
Gratia grandeſcit, collo minor, atque corona
Carolus evaſit Magnus; Ludibria Trunci
Ridet; Rex humilis ſequitur veſtigia Chriſti.
Formoſum in latâ vidiſtis valle Leonem;
Quem trepidi cingunt Paſtores; Ruſticus horror
Magnanimum ſequitur telo, & clamore laceſſens;
Non hominum, non illa canum, petulantia terret
Gradivum; generoſa fugam quia beſtia neſcit
Degenerem, motu nullo blanditur; at ille
Conſtans incedit graſſu; vultuque minaci
Arduus inſidias ſtrepituſque aſpernit inanes;
Inveniet, facietve viam ſibi conſcia virtus.
Per faſtiditos ſic Te tulit impetus Hoſtes
Ingentem Regni Genium; dumque agmine circum
Sacrilegûm ſpectant crudelia ſchiſmaticorum,
Immortalis abis Regna ad meliora Monarcha;
Luſit fatalem mens impenetrabilis ictum;
Plectitur illæſus; pœna eſt victoria; ſanguis
Non minus innocuum decorat, quàm purpura Regem.
Tutatur, quem non potuerunt Sceptra, ſecuris.
Non dolor Hunc, non ira movet, non Carceris horror,
Non triſtis comitem ſqualor, non Monſtra profani
Judicii, non ſcommata, ſputa, calumnia, pulſus
Erectum læſunt animum, puriſſima lympha
Mille modis agitata nitet: Patientia totum
Poſſidet; ac pleno ſic fatur Numine Turbam.
"*Tetrius in voſmet, quam in me peccabitis; illa*
"*Vulnera me cruciant potius, quæ ſæva paratis*
"*In propriàs animas, quàm qua in mea corpora cives;*
"*Non Deus hoc vobis, non ſancta oracula mandant*
"*Infandum facinus; Quamvis juſtiſſima ſummi*
"*Dextra patet, (ſuplex hanc prono exoſculor ore;)*

"*Vos*

" *Vos tamen injustos gravior vindicta manebit;*
" *Qui genus humanum, & mortalia temnitis arma,*
" *At sperate Deum memorem fandi, atque nefandi,*
" *Castigat vehemens falcia crimina pœna;*
" *Deprecor ultorem, mea vota novissima Christo*
" *Pro vobis, patriâque meâ cum sanguine fundam.*
Dixerat; & dicto citius prostratus atrocem
Imperturbato Rex invictissimus ictum
Sustinuit vultu.

Diriguêre omnes; imo suspiria ducunt,
Pectore quêis hominum, quêis non adamantina corda:
Non dolor, aut lachryma, vastus stupor occupat orbem
Ingenuum, irato suffusum triste pudore
Erubuit cœlum, pallentia lumina condens.
Antiqua periit sic illustrissima Gentis
Gloria; vix oculis unquam reparabile nostris
Occubuit lumen; Domini quem dextra sacrâret
In Regem, extinxit diro manus improba ferro:
Publica libertas; Decora omnia; Religionis
Sanctus honos, unâ pereunt collapsa ruina,
Singula quæ tantâ fuerant suffulta columna.
In Chaos horrendum lapsas nox opprimit atra;
Cum tenebris pondus; Terras Astræa reliquit,
Sanguine pollutus Divi; Lex sancta recessit;
Militis incubuit trucis insatiata libido,
Omnia diripiens passim temerata ambitiosa,
Cui stravere viam Regni perjuria dira.
Sic Lupus, & Vulpes, tecti ambo pellibus Agni
Insidiis fallunt, non vincunt Marte *leonem,*
Tam claro ut possint satiari sanguine fauces.
Quo q; magis possint factis obtendere velum
Justitiæ, miles procerum, plebisq; senatum
(Relliquias vulgi rudis, informisq; Tumultus,)
Dissipat; in sulcis toga cedere cogitur Armis.
Carnifices dant jura prius; suffragia deinde
Liberiora petunt, sequitur sententia tristis;
Corripit, incusat, condemnat, destruit, idem
Judex & Testis, Miles, Subjectus, & Hostis.
Tantum Religio, tantum nova lumina possunt
Persuadere mali; lucis tum Lucifer almæ

Nomen, & Effigiem simulat; quùm perditus error
Ingruit, & tenebras cupiens effundere vero,
Immanes animos ad atrocia crimina ducit:
Principis hinc sanguis libandus: subditus iras
Non putat averti superùm, nisi tanta litetur
Victima: non alio ritu placabile numen
Sanguinei celebrant sancti: maculata cruore
Dextra Fraterno, Patris, Regisq; pianda:
Tanta molis erat sanctorum condere Regnum.
Nihil habet ulterius vestris quod moribus addat
Horrens posteritas; I nunc perjure supremum
E cœli pergas sede exturbare Monarchum:
Inde locum teneas latè dominantis Abyssi
Regis; ut ad solium poteris conscendere dignum,
Arbitrio Cromwelle *tuo, dum cuncta reguntur*
Numine quis credet mundum rectore moveri?

Flevit J. G.

CAROLUS REDUX;
Sive Nemesis ad
CAROLUM SECUNDUM.

CArole, vindictam celera; ne per fidus orbis
Esse Deum tàm corde neget, quàm pernegat actis:
Impia, quæ læti, & ridentes facta tuentur
Prosperiora mali, falso dum lumine cernunt
Crimina, mox viderint quum tristia, turpia credent.

Carole, *vindictam celera; Te mille ruinis*
Pressa vocant tria Regna; uno Te vindice sperant
Sustentat miseris reliquam patientia vitam:
Te leges vocitant; sancto Te murmure poscunt
Pectora, quæ tacitis miscent suspiria votis.

Carole, *vindictam celera; Te justior ira*
Flagitat, & Cœli, & Terræ; Te Gentis, & Orbis

Vox

Vox properare jubet; multo Te mersa cruore
Et Patria, & Patris clamat Te sanguis inultus;
Perfida quem fudit truculentum Dextra Rebellum.

Carole, *vindictam celera; victricibus Armis*
Ora petas exosa Deo; seu, fulmina ab alto
Omnipotens quando Numen librabat Olympo,
Usta Gygantæis cecidere cadavera flammis:
Et subitam, & certam fundat tua dextra ruinam.

Carolus *adventum celeres; non* Phosphorus *almæ*
Nuncius Auroræ *post noctem gratior atram;*
Non requies fessis; calidis non umbra; minaci
Gurgite jactatis non portus; non sitienti
Rivus; certa salus non ægris; non morienti
Vita magis læta est, aut gratâ mente recepta,
Quam Tua solicitis aderit præsentia nobis.

Publica vita, Salus, Requies, Lux (Unicus) adsis,
Numinis auxiliis fultus; Qui monstra domares
Et fœdam lustres Gentem virtutibus Hæros.
Fatidicum vox est Te Majestate secundum,
Et eadem ulciscî & Regnum superare Parentis.

Vovit J. G. 1649.

Manibus Montisrosanis sacrum.

Votivam hanc quam vides, invidesq; viator tabulam
Nudam; non auro, miniove pictam,
Uno Montisrosani *Nomine*
(Vilis plebeculæ Nobile ludibrium)
Ornatam,

Ornatam, sanctam, satisq; celebratam,
Malè fœderatæ Gentis infamia,
(Heu justa meritaq; nimis!)
Fœdam, deformatamq; senties.

Cautis, & Oceani proles barbara,
Mente, manuq; truculentâ,
Solis detescens vitiis, & dedecore;
Cætera vilis, & pauperrima;
Ingens Christiani Nominis
Dehonestamentum, & propudium;
Busiridas, Cyclopesq; omnes
Immanitate superat nefandâ.
Tragicum obscuræ Gentis facinus,
Ne nescias (Lector) audi.

Regii vindices sanguinis dum videri volunt,
Nobilissimum Regii sanguinis vindicem,
Majestatisq; sacræ assertorem acerrimum,
Montisrosanum (Gentis decus, dedecusq;) vitâ,
Seipsos honore humanitateq; privant Scytha.
Quo enim nuper sancti, ligatiq; perduelles,
Vafri, perjuri, truces, inexorabiles,
Insatiabilem restringuentes Ambitionis sitim,
Regium propinârunt poculo cruorem;
Idem diverso nequiores isti
Excipiunt, exsorbentq; animo
Egregium impotenti vindictæ
Mactantes Heroem,
Pristina facinora,
Novissimo hoc piaverunt monstro.

Quum enim venditum prius amissumq; Carolum
(Virtutum & Regum exemplar unicum
Mirandum, inimitabile, æternum)
Propriâ neglexerant trucidare dextrâ,
Montisrosani pergunt jacturam reparare cade.
Imbelles, fraudum, irarumq; verna;
Usu nescientes, quam parti sunt victoriâ.

Immites

Immites (proh pudor!) mitissimi Numines cultores,
Amantissimum satagunt immanitate placare Deum,
Humanum quasi cruorem sitiret, et furire vel sanguinem
Propriis qui non pepercit, nostræ consuluit saluti
Christus, mitis, misericors, clemens, placabilis,
Inimicorum indultor, ligantium solutor
Damnantium salus, crucifigentium Redemptor,
Occidentium vita.

Hunc, Hunc Christianæ tantus Reformator sectæ
Audire, imitarive si velis Scote,
Non carnificis Christiano prætulisses munus,
Infame, detestabile, diris execrandum;
Aut una saltem simplici q3 laivenâ
Contentus, non dimidatâ, aut lentâ
Torquere debuisses (miser!) Heroem,
Totâ. Quem non terruisti morte:
Fereri fas est, non irridere miserum;
Nec ludibrio suplicio q3 simul excipere
Præclarum hoc virtutis ænigma,
Humanæ q3 prodigium inconstantiæ;
Qui
Sapientiam temeritate, Fortitudinem fugâ,
Splendorem Tenebris, Fœlicitatem infortunio,
Victorias laqueo, Triumphos patibulo
Clausit.
Adeo demirandâ, deplorandâ q3 rerum vicissitudine,
In valles celsos videas desidere montes,
In spinas suaves degenerare Rosas.

Sustensum satis, lusum q3 cadaver
Rabiosi dum lacerant Canes,
Invicta interim ridet Anima
Trunci dispendia Montisrosani.
Quem enim unus non capit Tumulus, bustumve,
Totus Hunc orbis excipit, condit q3 sinu,
Docto, ingenuo, molli verecundo:
Adeo non mendicatâ Pompâ,
Aut ementito Honore,
Funeris, fruitur, caretve,
Vel jam superstes Heros;

Quem

Quam [illegible]
Gratia, Musa, vir tamen & mundo
Hæc (vivace) dum legeris
Lugere poteris,
Si nescis, Author esse
Detestandus incipies,
Qui lector & auditore
Ista deseris.
1649.

L. M. C.

I. G.

FINIS